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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

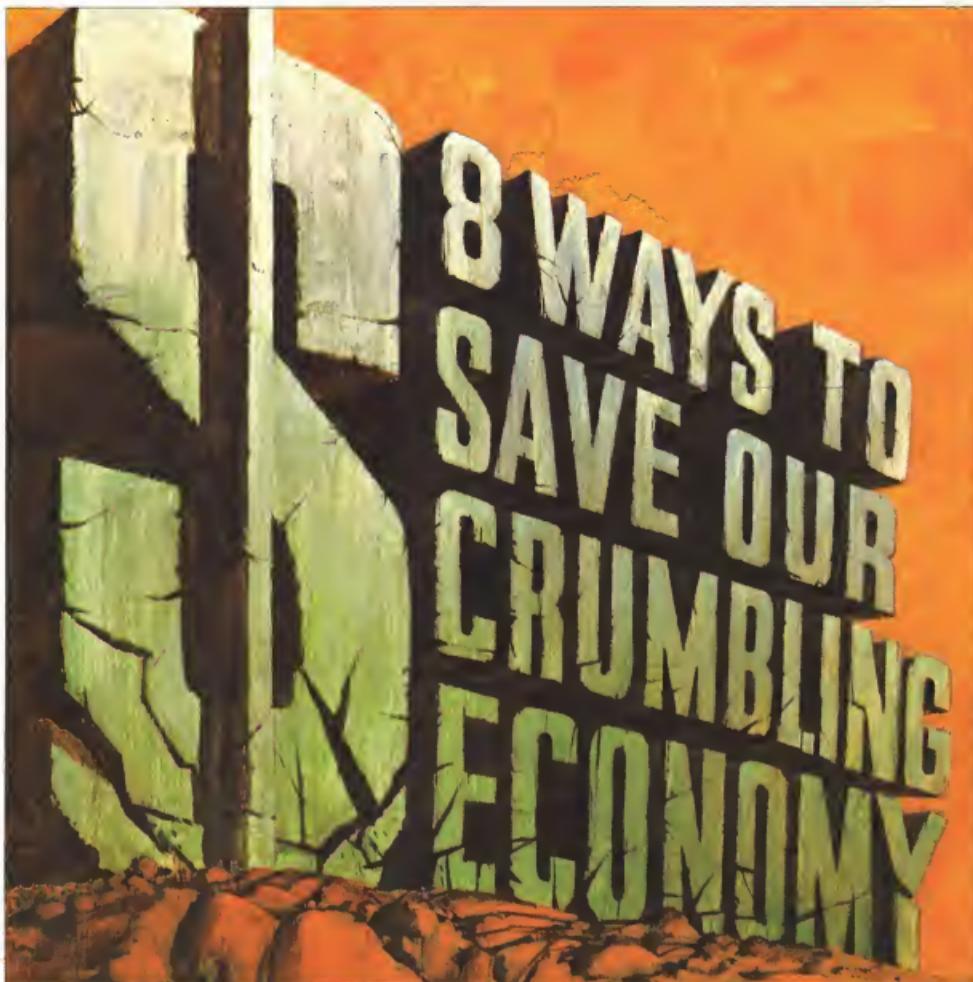


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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

People who work in and around Toronto publishing are often referred to — unfairly, we think — as the media mafia. How the term comes up is obvious: we're

not a large group, we shift and jingle around a lot, make room for those who arrive from other places or leave for other cities. It's only natural that some call it disgrace. There's even a fairly convincing argument put forward that it makes less news when there's been less news, as one of publishing's crucial issues each year is which newspaper or magazine is going to dominate the Toronto press-filled landscape. There are those who say good job calling a press conference helps, but that a quick eye at shot-stop is essential.

That's an exaggeration, of course. Still, for anyone to be exaggerated is his first to end in more fame, however small. If you were able to take the best edition and winner in this country and sift through the pages of their columns, looking beyond the accomplishments, chances are you'd find a tattooed tramp, a set of drums that comes as handily at parties, a worn collar of anecdotes. When editors here, first they study the facts, then the person.

The facts on our assistant-to-the-seller, Adrien Arsenault, are rather impressive. After graduating from the University of Toronto with a BA in English in 1963, he hopped a Greyhound bus to New York City and spent 13 years in various publishing positions, including stints at *Time*, *Life* and *Look*, the three biggest she's done, researched, reported, promoted, professed and organized often.

The person is an impressive as her qualifications. Whether she's talking to stay-cats, battling for baby seats or dealing with office chaos, she's both cheerful and not easily daunted — marks acquired 20 years ago when she sang with dance bands as her home town, Winnipeg, and Montreal.

And if she's working happily, it doesn't come from the fact that her all-time favorite big band is Stan Kenton's. Just like the editor's. Among him, giving Stan Kenton a place of your heart is the equivalent of having \$50 and leading the press league in home runs.



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How a great hotel recognizes you

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ERIC KIERANS EATS AND RUNS —THE NDP KEEPS LOOKING

By Walter Stewart

Last December 8, Eric Kierans came to dinner at Ghosn's Bistro for the occasion, at the Chateau Laurier Hotel, were a couple of clowns from Manitoba — Sel Green, Minister of Mines, Resources and Environmental Management, and Ed Schreyer, Premier. They wanted Kierans, who is a professor of economics at McGill University, a former Liberal cabinet minister in Quebec and Ottawa, a millionaire and a professional hell-raiser, to run for the leadership of the New Democratic Party.

They told him he was practically a shoe-in. Ed Broadbent, the NDP parliamentary leader and bitter opponent to David Lewis' leadership mantle, was a case though, follow, but everybody's second choice. No one could guarantee the convention outcome — the NDP rock and roll tend to be more prickly and less predictable than the older party members — but the thing looked like it was. Not only were substantial Manitobans like Schreyer behind Kierans, with informal types like Saskatchewan's BC St. John, the former NDP cabinet minister, while they in public, were privately affable and there was even, for Pete's sake, cheering news from Quebec. Sel Green had been talking to Claude Ryan, provincial advisor of the prestigious *Le Droit*, and there was no doubt about Ryan's view: no member over Kierans.

Kierans was flattered, but not tempted. He doesn't belong to the NDP — although he has put up money for some individual candidates — he is not a socialist, and was far from sure, despite all the olive talk around the dinner table that night, that an outsider could walk in and not sway with the NDP leadership. "It seemed to me they were playing games at the expense of Ed Broadbent," Kierans said. "I listened, because I and I would listen, but that's all."

Wise of the quest dinner party quickly slipped back to Broadbent. He says he was more annoyed than hurt by the notion that party insiders, including members of his own small caucus, were out beating the bushes for alternatives to him. Not long afterward, however, Broadbent announced that he would run, after all, by running at the leadership convention in July because he wanted to spend more time with his family. He said the Kierans affair had "nothing, absolutely nothing" — and I want to believe that because it's what he tried to do with my deepest respect to put here. "He said he would be 'very magnanimous' if anyone would be wise to note that he had withdrawn in a huff and headed party strongly that he could have wiped the floor with Kierans, and maybe on first blush, at that.

It is conceivable the lot of the political abstinent to cause disappearance. I think the situation with Kierans did have something to do with Broadbent's decision. A party insider and friend of Broadbent's retreated into a time-honored shield when I raised the subject. "It was the same that broke the camel's back," he said. "Ed had been doing a damn good job in caucus, in the House and in the party, but he was still another two or everybody's last. People were saying — and you guys in the press were saying — 'Ed's okay, but he'll

haven't we got anything better?' Then it turns out that there's a bunch of influential guys running around trying to line up a Montreal millionaire who isn't even one of us, and hand him the job. If you were Broadbent, what would you think?"

It's a funny thing about the NDP. In principle, the party, like its predecessor, the CCF, has always been opposed to the notion of a strong, charismatic leader. But in fact, the CCF and NDP have always been led by towering men, myths in their own time — J. S. Woodsworth, M. J. Coldwell, T. C. Douglas, David Lewis.

On paper, Broadbent would have been a star-ideal leader for the NDP, a man who is attractive, quick, intelligent and ideologically well over to the left — which is the direction the party will have to go to keep from being trampled by the Liberals and Tories. In the last 10 years, Broadbent's party friends have been forced to be much enough to stand, and smart enough to lead. (This is a draconian expression, but, which makes party documents for diehardists, a small bonus for the NDP. There was a half of a row over the new money, with most of the provincial sections — the real power base of the party — clamoring for the left's share, and the federal leadership demanding a sound financial base. Broadbent got his job on the last count during the fight; he got much of what he wanted, including funds for a full-time organizer and full-time research director in Ottawa. The provinces will still get most of the take.) Even so, all the party members who were wildly enthusiastic about Broadbent could be accommodated in a Blaauw of Commons election.

When the NDP needs a sturdy guide for the next few years, what it wants is a bush-league, a raw and compelling figure — like Kierans.

"We may be opposed to presidential politics," as Broadbent told me recently, "but we sure hell follow them."

Broadbent's decision was to run has been widely interpreted as a sign that the NDP is where it started at the 1961 founding convention. Not so. The NDP now holds three provincial governments, it has more money and mass members than ever before and a large and growing body of expertise in two essential areas — how to run campaigns and how to govern. The party's intent from 1961 (down to 16 seats from 51) was a noblest, not a fatal blow. The NDP will still be around five years from now and as will Broadbent. By that time, his children will be older, his wife will probably be back at work, and his worry (and it was a real worry) that he was about to sacrifice his family to politics will be less acute. He may well run for the leadership again. Perhaps by then the party will have changed its mind about what it wants in a leader. Broadbent will have assumed a more glorious slant in the Canadian mind.

In the meantime, the NDP leadership race is wide open and the party's movers and shakers are casting around ever more frantically for likely suspects. If you get a call, don't dismiss the notion out of hand, except at least on dinner at the Chateau — the food is pretty good.



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Depend on the forest always being there.

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SITTING AND WAITING FOR YOUR SUGAR TO SHOW

By Myrna Kosash

Sharon is sitting by the window looking out onto the street across from her cozy corner. Every nerve ending in her body is taut like the strings on a guitar — high-pitched, taut — and her firm clutch and unreach reflectively. Her mouth is dried up like a parched sponge and her heart thumps erratically at the bottom of her throat. At every unexpected sound, this white, exquisitely taut physical system jolts as if it were being hit from the sides as advanced carapace.

She is waiting for a sign. The sign of the telephone, the delivery truck, the flower. The ring of the telephone, the phone footsteps along the sidewalk. The sound of a car driving down a road around the corner. The ring of the telephone phone.

One of these things happens, she is sustained to that extra-tauting until, standing by herself stock-still behind the curtain, she is gone.

Not that my friend Sharon is without other preoccupation and preoccupation. She's almost 40 and has been taking care of herself for years now. Get a degree, barreled around Europe, found a job she loves. She considers herself to be in excellent physical shape. She is healthy, ambitious, greedy, satisfyingly curious. She's been an infant actress ever since she stumbled across the first writings of the fledgling movement. Life expect her.

But life isn't what she's not "expect"! The way her grandmother and mother were. Farm work, raising kids, balancing debts, budget, sewing, baking, scrubbing, mending, mending, working right, to fever and then lie in exhaustion. If these women ever stood at windows waiting endlessly for the phone to ring, she hadn't heard. They waited and gave themselves to business by the time they were 20. They didn't have time to stand by windows. They had too much work to do.

If her grandmother's life is mysterious to her — an arbitrary present past revolving by staircase in Canada to end up alongside her foolish scribbling in the south to make a few pennies selling petticoats — Elizabeth Adelstein's "bliss" (she was the heroine of *Know Your Luck*) is a set. Her story took place in 1939, but it's familiar to Sharon. The costumes and furniture have changed, but the emotional landscape is the same. All that energy, all that woman's vitality, her ambition and gaudy and mad confidence — how! Passing through rooms, upstairs and downstairs, playing love games with her feet under the dinner table, placing romantic dreams behind the embroidery screen. And finally, depending on her lover to make the husband she could trust divorce herself. She was locked up in rooms, threatened by babies and made to wait.

Modern women are not threatened by such threats anymore. There are greater, more professional, more serious threats. But in many ways, the same identical women are making now are not so easily bypassed over, because against these, of a woman's love. This time, the joy of sex, the romantic idealism, somewhere inside it this pulsating, tumultuous, yearning creature waiting for the touch of the lover to fulfill her most crucial ambition to fall in love. And there is nothing in that particular incentive fragment of Sharon's identity



that will help her pick up the phone and make the problem call herself. That strength has elsewhere, in the more intuitive character of Sharon's frustrating Superwoman persona.

It's a funny thing about women these days. Even when 2 and my friends are busy and working happily — finishing projects, raising children, enjoying the pleasure, awards, glory — we fall in love and drop everything to stand by windows and wait for the phone to ring.

No matter how well things are going, no matter the sweetened, placid stability of friendship, the age-old of work done well and rewarded, these things can also bring about an inward of who we are, for us alone. My God, the obligations to myself, to others, the responsibilities create, the responsibilities to our schedules, the time taken out to have a love affair prove. To have the convenient ready (he could stop calling me!) life might move away. Maybe he thinks I don't care enough? We will drop everything to keep a relationship with a lover. We become existences, assortments and numbers all rolled up into that one creature who is a woman in love; all the men have to do is indicate their interest and their need and the thing will be immediately arranged. Within days, schedules, of course.

A woman in love. The blushing of action. (Another girl friend told me this story at beach. "I was standing in my living room looking at a picture. I had been bitterly depressed for days. I looked at the picture and started crying. He held me and kissed my wet, sleepy eyes and said, 'Don't be sad! I never heard from him again. Why doesn't he call? Can I call him? Oh no, suppose he says, 'Breaks who?'") There is a lot of disturbed activity, passing rooms and interrupting dialogues, playing possible movies in our heads. And around. Who does I am done to.

And yet, and yet, what woman would really want to be just like me? Mine, with her wild-soldier appetites of Work, Builders and Sex. That way they have of saying this does it still on the cowboy when they swap off the end of the bed, "I love ya, baby, but I gotta go. Gotta hit the road. I'm a mumbin' man. Nabilo's ever hold me long. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do." Sharon, for one, understands what that is all about, it seduces her, and yet she still stands there, still pressed to the glass, a little bit weak with the guilt of having wanted to make her stay.

How will we ever get together, men and women? There is something in men's style I think women respond, something we would like to appropriate for ourselves. This sense they have of being a creature from which admiration and humor could like spoken on a pedestal. And women have our own style we have come to design. The beauty and dreams, the male, the softness, the sensibility inside the first men, take note. I don't think women want to take themselves around to just need and long, in the process, the heart of the human need for connection, the human consolation of marriage. But there must be some way out of our dilemmas, some way around that problem phrase.



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LEARNING TO LIVE (OR DIE) WITH PLUTONIUM

By Wade Rowland

As Fusion fusions go, Canada hasn't done badly by her nuclear energy program. We have a relatively safe reactor in the CANDU — safer, anyway, than the American version — and the related economies in the CANDU design have meant that we've been able to strip out of the eighteenth billion of extracting and recycling plutonium.

However, according to recent announcements from Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., Chalk River research facility, we are well on our way to voluntarily relinquishing both of these important assets in what may be a meaingless attempt to Hush up a nuclear secret.

There is a million-dollar pilot plant under construction at Chalk River to develop a method for sifting uranium enriched with plutonium as a fuel in our existing reactors. Plutonium is created as a by-product of the fission process.

A new reactor using this type of fuel will almost certainly be marginally less safe than the CANDU — whether that margin will prove to be significant will probably not be known until we have experienced a serious reactor accident and are able to evaluate it.

While it is true that the increased accident risk from the new enriched fuel reactors will still be of a very low order, it is also true that the damage that could be done by any major reactor accident is enormous. If any significant portion of the radioactivity kept bottled up inside an ordinary CANDU reactor escaped into the outside environment, deaths from radiation would likely number in the tens of thousands. Why estimate that risk at all?

But it is the process of separating plutonium from spent reactor fuel that is the really dangerous business and we will have to get rid of it. We can't afford to use the plutonium-enriched fuel. Reactor systems of the type used in the U.S., France and most other nuclear stations (light water reactors) which have fuel that has undergone an expensive enrichment process) rely on the fission from the side of this most toxic of materials to keep their books balanced. The spent fuel from a reactor is delivered in heavily shielded caskets from a place where the plutonium is extracted through the use of seals; the government concerned then purchases the plutonium for stockpiling as fuel for the breeder reactors now being developed. (Breeder reactors, if they prove viable, would produce more fuel than they consume.)

Plutonium extraction is a messy, dangerous business for several reasons. First of all, a graphite-and-charcoal of plutonium can be used to make a simply constructed atomic bomb. I leave to your imagination the hideousness involved in ensuring that such a small amount of material (which will eventually be produced and shipped from place to place by the thousands of tons) does not fall into unfriendly hands. Enough plutonium to make several nuclear bombs is already missing in the United States.

Secondly, the plutonium extraction process creates large volumes of liquid waste in the form of highly radioactive sludge which must be kept under perpetual surveillance to keep



it from contact with living things. In theory, the absolute maximum time it will take for this material to decay into radiolessness is about 1,000 years, until we've taken someone down the technology to do a better job of separating the plutonium and other long-lived elements from the rest of the waste now, a thousand years for this waste will be 500,000 years, the time it takes for plutonium to decay.

Current plans are to store these rods in refrigerated tanks and they can be either solidified or glass-blown which would then be deposited in geologically formed rock beds 3,000 feet underground. The presence of salt implies an absence of groundwater which could carry the radioactive material into contact with the rock environment. The other alternative being considered is to store the solidified material in concrete reservoirs. In this hope that, someday, someone may figure out what to do with it.

AECL's project goes according to current plans, both a commercial plutonium separation plant and a new enriched fuel reactor system could be functioning in this country in the late 1980s.

AECL plutonium say we need to make use of the plutonium in spent fuel in order that we don't run out of uranium sometime in the next century. By extracting and recycling the plutonium we can find its waste and recycle it to enrich natural uranium, we can extend the life of our uranium resources. Plutonium-enriched fuel produces nearly twice as much electricity per ton as natural uranium.

But we won't run out of uranium in the next century unless we continue to export 10% of our production, and unless plans go forward to build a uranium uranium enrichment plant in partnership with the French atomic energy authority at Armentières (the output of which cannot be used as Canadian reactors, granted or plutonium).

Of course there will eventually come a time when we have used up all our relatively low-cost uranium and will be forced to recover it from low-grade ore bodies. And, eventually, the energy we have to expend to extract that uranium will be so great that it won't be worthwhile to burn it in even the most efficient reactors. But that time is a long way into the future, and when it comes, plutonium recycling isn't going to help us out. We should now be working flat out to develop a more benign alternative — such as solar energy — and meanwhile do all we can to cut back on our present voracious energy consumption.

The decision to get involved with the business of plutonium enrichment was not made by parliament in the same way that other major policy decisions are made. We are drifting into it, ensuring that our atomic scientists and engineers know what's best for us.

We cannot safely make that assumption any more than we can safely let our general public decisions about whether or not we should go to war. We need a public, parliamentary inquiry into the use of nuclear energy in this country, and we need it now, before we drift any further.



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THE FIFTIES: MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS? AAARGH!

By Marc McDonald

Shake, Rattle & Roll is on the jukebox, Clive Bleschamp is in his navy suit and white sunglasses and Richard Reid is just off-duty from his boat, his leather belt pocket, unzipped out, revealing my longer half-Cadillac belt, crooked and whistled his cool '52 periwinkle-blue Cadillac convertible with the light blue plastic rabbit dangling over the dashboard right up to the curb outside. It is the winter of '73, but the Fifties are firmly in the air.

All across the country the country's most forgettable decade is being remembered with a vengeance. Marie and Diane dancing off their reversible pink shirts, bobby socks and white boots, dragging out the Rocky Nelson records and kicking up their heels is a joy. The Fifties have reentered the suburbs and the sub-tens are suddenly an original. But Dennis 76 or a flock of green phantoms will never nail fetch a minor fortune and no highschool girls you can see 100 ways of 12-year-olds growing ready-eyed over Elvis Presley according *Heartbreak Hotel* at rock lops where the dice policy keeps swinging. "Canadian Graffiti?"

But to Richard Reid and Clive Bleschamp these are rock-bottom, rock solid, nothing but Friday night garters flitting with the pinball fancy of the time. Richard Reid and Clive Bleschamp take their Fifties seriously. After all, they live them. "We're not a collection," says Richard. "I just have all this stuff around where you can't eat."

He has stuff around like the leopard print shirt and rabbit pink he's wearing now to Clive's Saturday night rock 'n' roll party, but that is nothing. At home in his Toronto townhouse, he has a mindboggling wall of plastic fruit and plastic souvenirs. Mountains, a flock of pink flamingos, frozen over the tropics and a cheetah red, yellow and black plastic lawn dwarf straight out of *Star Wars* perched on the hearth.

He has not pink wooden lawn flamingos in the window and a metal palm tree on the balcony, but a pink sofa, a rack of Plastic palm trees in the closet and a stack of pink towels in *That'll Be The Day* style. He has the classic denim-top *Wifebeater* jacket, and when he wants to touch his engine he can always do so in the direction of his stand-up pants obtrusively with the big shiny DG-10 on top that lights up when you plug it in. His life is one whole, shiny, gaudy collection of Fifties kitch, a triumph of everything that has the high-piano of outer glorification in the age of speedo and plastic excess. And as Richard says it, "It's all still damn good stuff, it's really cool."

A 31-year-old architectural designer, his Fifties passion started back in '69, well, the Fifties, when he grew up trying to be a *Teddy Boy*, hair pressed down in a rat-a-tat's ass fast, one gone, gimp of a Raybanned cord dangling down front, his black and skinty, pants so tight they had to have zippers on the bottoms to get into them. He hung around street corners "trying to look as if you beat up politicians."

Clive collects rock 'n' roll records and used to carry them around from club to club in a shopping bag weakened, a kind of shrugging *It's*. "England then, the whole thing was to be like an American," he says. "I had buttons down



holes, peeing leather, a modified crew cut. When I decided to come to the States 10 years ago, I thought I'd be a grown-up, but by the time I got here, they were in rock. Rock's cool," but not in the disconnected Clive. Clive's leather jacket has one of the biggest "show-off" collars anywhere, those show-offy-clothes clothes 'n' blues, built like guitars like the Fifties guitars there. There was always some gay wannabe sophomore backbreaker of a high school in the background, while the horizon would bridge the hairs with a heavy hollow "clo-wep-wep." Clive is a stained glass artist and, though things have been a little thin in stained glass lately, he wouldn't consider substituting any of his older but goodier pieces. "It was just such a great period," he says. "There's never been anything better as far as I've concerned."

He and his lady Tanya built a whole big set of hunting fox minkets in series of pink chamois. Buttons for his collection, built a whole wall out of plastic fruit from home. They sit off Fifteen catalogue. Furniture, dressed their baby in past-tense midwives and spent entire weekends cringing at Richard's baby-blue Candy with the top down, laughing out, comb in one hand, wad of Juicy Fruit between the teeth, looking for the action or the roller rats. Now Clive and Tanya are split, and she has the will of plastic fruit and the baby, but, Clive says, "It's not going to be a thing like that change the way I live." Tonight he's with Marie who shows up in a shiny black net shrub with rhinestones. Through the looks looks bright. Marie states, "The Fifties are my time."

Sorry, but the Fifties really are my time, and my memories of them are full of horror, the agony of all those who were Friday nights standing around the Sault Ste. High School girls in amazement, waiting to be asked. I had a crush then on a softie named Betty with a shucked down d'oh, a boyfriend who was a bit immature and a big blower, and a Glimmerglass friend who was a genuine and spartan, the toughest cat in town, and I would go back to her for all the tea in China, as we used to say a lot then. But there were girls who resolved their spartanism in the Fifties, the aerobatics and bowing alloy queens who always somehow seemed to end up married at 16 in white bellbottom-length pants do-si-dos, wheeling off in two-tone Chevys to have their very pretentious first babies and live ever after. I looked at them then with a kind of longing, and now I miss whatever fate spared me as they cavorted willy-nilly over America. Gretchen, recombining the days when time caught them in its web and in a way never let them free, the days when for some the train and the dreams stood still.

I find now, I can sit quiet-eyed over the Twentys, many over the Thirtys, even muster up a tear for the Fiftys which I never really knew. But I can't get a lump in my throat for the Fifties. Which may prove perhaps that nostalgia has less to do with the time or place as your birth certificate then with your dreams. "You know," says Clive, "I had a great time in the Fifties. I didn't ever want to leave that period. And in a way I never really did."



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for myself, our's family
To be free
to make plans
with the people who
help give them life.

THE TAX TRAUMA: DOING YOUR OWN HURTS NOW BUT PAYS LATER

By Ray Magladry

Ottawa keeps plugging away, trying to convince 18 million taxpayers that filling out an income tax form is easy. And yet, last year more than a million turned to accountants and other professionals for help; another million took the job in tax preparation firms—the “superfluous” extra that fit out forms for a fee. The streets are filled with lawyers and accountants, finance companies, trust companies, banks, department stores and big specialty firms ready and willing to relieve you of the yearly headache of filing— for over \$200, depending on how a single complicated tax return affects you.

Those who go to the tax accountants and lawyers have little choice, the rich need tax preparation advice, and the not-so-rich need it because it’s easier to have a gift of their own. The preparation offices, then, would seem to pass on unnecessary expenses of business conduct, though these numbers somewhat underestimate the likelihood of errors occurring in returns. If you do it with the accountants, costs, you’re not likely to realize anything but that.

Understandably, those who do their own income tax than just get the return completed and filed. Changes in the act (such that last year seems to have a gift of their own) are growing more, and more people accept tax problems. If you have any kind of savings or outstanding debt, a few investments in property, you are automatically bound and only with a binder tax return form but with various tax problems you should plan for all year round.

But to illustrate: if you own Canadian savings bonds you would have three options as how to draw interest and how to be taxed: your decision largely on large part on how you want to plan the impact of tax on your income this year and in the future. You can cash interest coupons as they are paid for it in the same year, you can let the interest accumulate until the bonds reach maturity and either pay the tax in a lump sum or pay the tax year by year as if you were cashing coupons. A tax service firm won’t resolve this matter to your best advantage. Also, if you own tax properties— one in the city, one in a vacationland— you are leaving yourself open to a capital gain the soonest day should you sell the properties. Splicing the ownership with your spouse would avoid the problem.

The more varied your investments or savings, and the more unusual your sources of income, the more you should plan out your tax affairs in advance.

And who is going to help you with that? A tax preparation office? I can’t believe it. The revenue department? Not likely. Accounting firms charge \$300 to \$350 for tax planning and that’s too steep for most of us.

The only route left is to take charge of your own affairs. Pung Rongorua Canada for information, read their guides and relevant explanations. Try the annual 286-page booklet called *Planning Your Future Tax Return*, published by CCH Canadian Limited and available in bookstores for \$6.95. So, you own a little one earning a year, calling down curses on all collectors. It’s probably good therapy.

Last year, the tax computer discovered in June that I owed \$39 more than I had reported in April. There should have been a penalty for the interest on the overdue amount but it was waived because the post office was in one of its periodic states of inattention. Even if there had been a penalty, I figure it would have been less than a dollar. I’m not going to give up my own tax planning because of a little inattention and the chance of a few cents of penalty. And neither should you.



ment, says a few complaints arise from relationships over the services provided by the tax preparers. “Some people get the idea the tax preparation firm will find ways of saving them tax dollars, but that isn’t exactly the case.”

Most tax preparation offices, then, would seem to pass on unnecessary expenses of business conduct, though these numbers somewhat underestimate the likelihood of errors occurring in returns. If you do it with the accountants, costs, you’re not likely to realize anything but that.

Understandably, those who do their own income tax than just get the return completed and filed. Changes in the act (such that last year seems to have a gift of their own) are growing more, and more people accept tax problems. If you have any kind of savings or outstanding debt, a few investments in property, you are automatically bound and only with a binder tax return form but with various tax problems you should plan for all year round.

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Living Metric



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Rising temperatures in degrees Celsius is a gradual conversion to the Metric system. And, in doing this we’re only now just catching up to most of the rest of the world.

You’ll be hearing the metric weathercast on radio and tv but it is also a good idea to get a feel for the metric system in a more practical way (e.g., purchase a small metric window thermometer which will tell you a few better or cold it is in degrees Celsius anytime you look at it).

Metric may be new to you but, in the end, it is easier to measure anything a lot easier for you.

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Weather temperature is called ambient temperature because it relates to the environment around us. The following will give you a feeling for the ambience of various Celsius temperatures you might experience.

100°C	water boils
40°C	an uncomfortably hot day
30°C	a good day for a swim
20°C	room temperature
10°C	an early spring or fall day
0°C	water freezes

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YOUR VIEW

Hamburger helpers/The Swami's low-weight and gain-faith plan/Paul Anka's sad, sick song

I would like to commend David Humphries for his article on *The Politics Of Food* (February). I found it to be one of the more thought-provoking topics recently raised in your magazine.

Humphrey's observations on that matter brought out many facts which should rock us out of our easy chairs . . . and would, if only we had some sense of conscientious brotherhood. How can we allow our brothers in other parts of the globe to starve while food is taken for granted in many of the richer countries, often to the point of being wasted or even allowed to rot?

We, whether we have done so willingly or not, have denied that these hungry masses are human beings and instead our brothers for whom we have responsibility. If giving handouts is not the answer then let's make whatever handouts we must do available to help them to earn a living — and let's do it with an strong attitude.

He please don't conclude that I think the food problem will be solved. I don't. However, I still think we must do all we can as individuals to see that our governments act in our best interests by serving the interests of humanity as a whole.

Some possible means of summarizing the problem were given by David Humphries in his article but I wonder if any of these will ever come into existence More international cooperation, more political skills, more individual scientists . . . are hard orders to fill.

Yet we must continue and endeavor to solve these problems while we can, for the days of our own affluence are becoming very limited and we may be called to account for our shortcomings, maybe even by those we refused to call "brother."

LARRY DUCREUX, WATKINS, MD

The article *The Politics Of Food* would be more fully illustrated if the picture of the hungry child captioned "Some countries would rather feed their grain to pigs than people" were replaced by one of an obese child. A hand-on editor's or a domestic shocker! captioned "Some countries would rather poison their grain than longer than food."

SETH WOODBURN, OTTAWA

Sun, sand and swamis

We, the students of the Swamanya Yoga Organization, are aware Swami Vishnudevananda very much enjoyed the article *Swami Vishnudevananda is not like you and me* (March). We are glad to see that Mario McDonald supported the article as SME sees them. Of course there will always be those who do every step — years, money and the truth — and God knows the real truth.

But how often is a keen and discerning mind like Mario McDonald's mentioned? The "plastic sense of Krishna and the dumbhead" of Swami's little弟子 Constantine is in fact very and not made of plastic. And one looks closely at such an object, both plastic and very look alike. But every is different.

From the plastic, and plastic is different from reality. An observer can easily be misled when only making a superficial study, as in this report. In the same way the truth can be easily mistaken for the false and vice versa.

Regarding Mario's part, we are sorry she went every unhealthy. Swami takes the blame. We have found this to be the case with everyone after the first week at the camp — this is because people are not used to the discipline of exercising twice a day and the facilities have not been used for a long time.

We are also sorry that Mario put on five pounds during her visit. In reality, help must reduce by recording their sleep, arrival and away four days during their visit. However, we have no record of Mario's weight as she neglected to attend to this matter.

We should be very happy to invite her to come to our Nisarga Natraja for two weeks, all expenses including return air fare paid. During that stay Swami guarantees that he can make her low weight and, most important of all, make her a new person.

GUY L. RECHETTE, SWAMI VISHNUDEVANANDA, YOGA MOTHER, GENEVA

I am forwarding this letter to you after reading the article by Mario McDonald about Swami Vishnudevananda. I was a little disappointed with your assistant editor's ignorance about our Yoga teacher and organization but I am grateful that you have introduced our teacher to a multitude of otherwise oblivious people. Consider you have used a great deal of energy.

Since the publication of this article our centre have been contacted by numerous Yoga enthusiasts with queries concerning our teacher and are able to understand him even better. During the Christmas season I was influenced by more guests than one that they would have never visited the Yoga Camp had they not read this article.

RAMAKRISHNA SWAMI KRISHNA, YOGA MOTHER, TORONTO

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Mario McDonald's picture of exactly what the new at Swami Vishnudevananda's Yoga Camp expect more about her own views than anything else. Could she not find a single redeeming feature?

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YOUR VIEW / continued

distressed children had ended for the summer. However, not a word about the summer. Is that the kind of summer has to be? The so-called children who have been carried through his discipline? Those whose lives have been transformed by his teachings? Or those who come simply for the relaxation and joy of the camp experience?

Come now, Mr. McDonald! These people were right under your nose. You had one eye gazing your Helvetica Lady credentials, and the other glued to the Swami's food tray. You missed the most important part of the picture. But then, distortion is a sharp and easy way to REINFORCE MEDIATION, isn't it?

CAROL MONTAGNA, KILLEEN, TEXAS

Janis junkie

Janis Joplin's greatest fear, according to Myra Friedman's *Janis After*, was that people would find out that she really couldn't sing. I think Crawley Farms confirmed it.

I was really pleased to read John Roberts' critique (February) and was beginning to feel that we were afraid to criticize Janis because it was a God-given-made film.

To advertise Janis — the way she was — is absurd, misleading. If you want to know how she was, buy the biography for a few dollars, but to spend those dollars to see her the way the Joplin family wanted her seems to be "bad."

IRENE BAY, OTTAWA

John Roberts is absolutely right, the movie *Janis* is a lie. Janis an operating since where she's in bed with one rock star and two wanks with a guitar shooting up her nose. Stevens' entertainment doesn't fit if Hofess likes schlock so much he should read William Burroughs.

ROBERT TALEY, VANCOUVER

The baby-makers

In reference to Marie McDonald's article, *Marie's My Son* (February), I was pleased to find out that the National Organization for Women somehow defines a "pro-abortion and anti-abortion" attitude. I read Paul Atoka's gold-seller, *You're Ruining My Baby*. I think the people who should be getting the most upset are the ones like myself who believe that it is set up to us to decide the fate of an unborn child. Atoka makes the decent implication that a woman does indeed have that privilege when he says, "You didn't have to keep it."

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It's the era of the Volkswagen Rabbit. A whole new kind of car from Volkswagen.

The Rabbit is very fast. 0 to 50 mph in only 8.4 seconds (Faster than some sports cars.) A top speed of 100 mph. (Which we obviously don't recommend but which is nice to know you've got when you need that kind of quick acceleration on hectic, crowded Expressways.)

The Rabbit is almost ridiculously thrifty. It gets 45 miles to the imperial gallon on the highway and 28 mpg in city driving.*

On the outside, the Rabbit is a sub-compact sized car. But open the door and it's a different story. Approximately 80% of the space in the car is devoted to functional

room. In fact, there's actually more people-room inside than in some mid-size cars. (It'll hold everything you see in the top picture and then some.)

The Rabbit has rack-and-pinion steering, an independent stabilizer rear axle, front wheel drive and steel-belted radials.

Also, as you may have noticed, both the 2-door and 4-door Rabbits come as Hatchbacks. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door. Plus, you also get probably the most advanced car coverage plan in the automotive industry, Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket.

The VW Rabbit. Once again, Volkswagen proves that not merely good, but great things come in small packages.



 **rabbit**

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SHEAFFER, SHEAFFER, SHEAFFER & SHEAFFER
COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

YOUR VIEW / continued

Wouldn't put you through it / Could have swept it from your hair / But you didn't do it . . .

The triviality with which he treats the matter is enough to offend anyone. "You're having my baby / What a lovely way of saying how much you love me . . ." It might as well have been "My." But what a rare gesture, you were going to claim my socks but you decided to have my baby instead."

Whether one thinks that this song sincerely depicts the right of a woman to take the life of her unborn child, or that it denotes the role of a woman as the bringer of life-giving, or that it is a simply an insensitive trivialization of one of the finest mysteries of life, "You're Having My Baby" is a symptom of an ever-deepening sickness that is taking hold of our society.

RONALD R. MACKENZIE, TORONTO

Sunny side up

Reading Walter Stewart's sensible observation *Down And Up Is San Francisco* (February), I wonder the customers — not the cable cars — seem to have a screw loose; that "the sun has surely risen from its Pacific bed . . ." leads one to speculate as to what other screws might have been loose that foggy San Francisco morning.

SELWIN BENNETT, LONDON, ONT

Mother's Day

When I first read Heather Robertson's *Hasn't My Baby, No One Can Touch You* (The Right Delivery) (February) I thought the article was perhaps best designed to silver letters. The author certainly deserves credit for literary proficiency in creating atmosphere.

I speak now in a father who has been present at two difficult labors and whose friends have also enjoyed the "internal childbirth" experience. At no time has he paralleled the nightmare as lucidly detailed by the author. Rather, it was a definitely rewarding experience, where the art of birth was combined with dignity.

My congratulations to Heather Robertson as she obviously missed the point of childbirth because of an overly active imagination.

JACK LEWIS, VANCOUVER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO: Maclean's MAGAZINE, YOUR VIEW, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



"With 18 feet of sail at my wings— I, a rather literary Jeff Joke from Seattle, was ready to conquer the sky. At 10,000' 8000' feet on New Zealand's Glacier Dome, Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was soaring toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly down draft.



"With some wild maneuvering and mitemotion lock, I escaped into smooth air. As I circled, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiteflying: never fly higher than you'd like to fall."

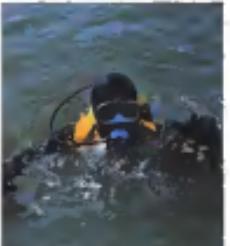


"That evening, at The Heritage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club. It doesn't matter who you are, C.C. welcomes you. More people agree with its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in a mixed company. Canadian Club—'The Best In The House'™ in 97 lands.

Canadian Club

Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

Construction underway at Stelco's new Lake Erie complex



1—Prestressing the footings and pouring the lower sides for Stelco's hot strip mill at the Lake Erie complex. The 1,600 x 130-foot excavation necessitated the removal of 197,400 cubic yards of earth.

2—The layout of the Lake Erie complex will make it one of the most advanced steelmaking operations in the world.

3—A program of two-way communication has been established with researchers to ensure that local interests and concerns are heard.

4—Dots on marine life and lake observations have been gathered as a part of Stelco's program aimed at protecting the environment.



On the north shore of Lake Erie, near the village of Nanticoke, one of the most advanced and efficient steelmaking operations in the world is taking shape on a 6,600-acre site. It is Stelco's massive Lake Erie complex.

Owned and designed by Canadian, this huge project will be built in stages, the first of which will add 1.3 million tons of steel to Stelco's annual output within a few years.

Technological innovations abound in the plant. For example, Stelco engineers have designed a hot strip mill that will be markedly more compact and less energy-consuming than conventional facilities.

But not all the innovations are confined to steelmaking. Unprecedented attention has been devoted to environmental programs. For instance, the bulk of the water to be used in the plant will be recirculated. Air cleanliness will be maintained by a system of scrubbers and precipitators and enormous collection devices to handle furnace exhausts. Man-made hills and thousands of newly planted trees will create a green belt on the perimeter of the plant site.

The construction of Stelco's new complex will require up to 3,000 workers; eventually thousands of permanent new jobs will be created in the area. The Lake Erie plant is only one facet of a huge expansion program. It far exceeds in magnitude any previous steelmaking development in Canada. It is, however, a program that is not out of proportion with Stelco's previous growth rate over the past 20 years. During this period the Company has quadrupled its annual production of steel.

Canadian industry needs steel for its continuing progress. Stelco, Canada's leading steelmaker, is doing something about satisfying this need.

stelco

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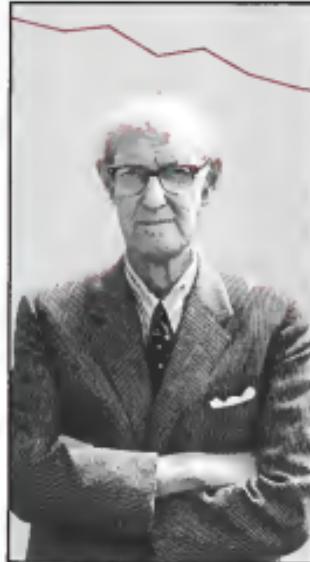
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CAN WE HEAL OUR ECONOMIC ILLS?

NO SAYS A NOTED HISTORIAN



Donald Creighton, Canada's foremost historian, argues that taxation with friendliness will not, in the long run make much difference. We are, he claims, in the grip of "growthism" which has become a vicious epidemic. In place of economic stability, independence and wisdom, communism, we have opted for a 30-year sprint on the chugging roller coaster of the boom-bust cycle. Creighton argues here that the heritage we will leave our children may be a wartorn land, because we are an image willing to make sacrifices.

YES SAYS A BUSINESS ANALYST



Jack Biddle, president of the Claricon Company, and a man with long experience in business, argues that our current problems are mostly symptoms of deeper-rooted causes. His guns toward a number of specific proposals toward solutions. These include suggestions that we stop selling off and go to them instead; that manufacturers be allowed to buy into the houses they are helping to finance; and that we create a new kind of investment stock to help restore our faltering stock markets.

WE'VE BEEN FAT TOO LONG AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE

Waking up to the fact that the good times are all gone
BY DONALD CREIGHTON

Only two years ago, the members of the Club of Rome and the other prophets of an impending crisis at the affairs of man and his world were still the objects of some ridicule and indignation. Who, it was asked, were these selves entitled to subject us to such needless and unnecessary alarms? They had it well charged, based their resolutions on inadequate and highly questionable information. They had mised that wonderful new electronic device, the computer. Their prophets of the future were uninterested and garrulous. They were, in fact, prophetically wrong. Mankind was not headed for an abyss. On the contrary, mankind was destined for even higher aggrandizement and glorious living. The natural resources of the world, while not plentiful enough to be easily exhaustible, could certainly last, with careful management and conservation to the indefinite future. Even if, in the very long run, part of man's natural endowment should decline or fail, his powers of invention would respond to the challenges of need and a synthetic substitute, which would be just as good in the original and probably even better, would be quickly supplied.

Then, in the autumn of 1973, complacency began to slip away. It was not that the human condition and the state of the world had suddenly and dramatically changed; it was simply that changes which had been inexorably growing over a number of years became sharply and startlingly evident. Man and the enormous industrial machine he had created in modern times have always depended ultimately on ample and cheap supplies of fuel — for food, for human beings and energy. For sheer economic convenience, food and energy had all been best available before it apparently oil-rich and plentiful and an relatively moderate price in the industrialized nations of Western Europe and North America. They could not the consciousness of these materials with an added confidence as they counted on the rising of the sun, but they tried to reinforce that their near-monopoly of the choice fuel had the cheapest sources of power or power no longer ready to unquestionably assure it in the sun. Their monopoly had in fact been challenged by other partly developed and independent nations which believed they knew the secret of the West's success, and were eager to employ their own methods to build up industry and improve the health and welfare of their peoples.

Humanity as a whole, and not only a privileged portion of it, new realized the inextricable value of the oil fuel. But the West was not their most obvious victim, gobbling up larger quantities than ever before, and the excess began in the autumn and winter of 1973-74 when the Western nations suddenly discovered that food and energy had almost suddenly become scarce and dear. Canada and the United States saw at last the rapid depletion of their own deposits of

petroleum. Europe and North America watched with consternation and fury when the primitive countries of the Middle East, which had been selling them one great asset for what the world chose to pay for it, suddenly realized their awesome power over western industry and quadrupled their price for oil. Developing nations which until very recently had been peasant communities subsisting contentedly on fish and corn now began to demand the meat, eggs and fruit that the citizens of a few wealthy powers had virtually monopolized before. Even outside, man's first and basic foodstuff for nutrition had become scarce and costly. Various areas of the earth's surface in eastern Europe, Asia and Africa which in the past had always produced enough grain to feed their peoples, with something left over for export, were now obliged to supplement their own crops with imports from the world's breadbasket, North America. All of a sudden there was famine, scarcity, unprecedentedly high prices which asked the firms of inflation and rocked the mighty mechanism of international exchange. The gloomy predictions could no longer be dismissed as nightmares or delusions. The rains they had forecast were no longer far off. It was not even surprising. It had come.

The bewildered inhabitants of the Western world wondered miserably who had befallen them. Then accreted pundits — politicians, economists, statisticians and journalists — all offered their complicated explanations. But the real explanation was at once simple and simple. It lay in contemporary man himself, in his growing conception of what the world's resources and his own capacity could yield him. It was not simply a belief in the indefinite continuance of the oil and every way of life it was and, more importantly, an intimate conviction in an almost unceasing increase of convenience, comfort, leisure and contentment. Material prosperity, it was assumed, would last forever. But it was also exposed to grow a little at the very least, and probably a lot, every year.

The theoretical origins of this golden age can be found at the doorstep of a theorist, John Maynard Keynes, who in 1936 published a book that transformed the economic theory of the West and revolutionized all Western societies. If Keynes argued a nation could to escape the prolonged distress of a depression, it could buy its way back prosperity, it could lift the levels of employment and income by public expenditure.

This new doctrine, which quickly captured the minds of the ministers in the Bank of Canada and the federal Department of Finance of World War II. What they found most was a reason of the Depression which had kept Canada so badly after World War I and their whole postwar program was conceived with the aim of achieving a high and steady level of employment and national income. The elaborate sys-

tem of improved social welfare measures which the federal government proposed in the federal-provincial conference in 1945 was designed not only to level out the gross inequalities in Canadian incomes but also to distribute purchasing power as widely as possible. Unemployment benefit, family allowances, old-age pensions and unemployment insurance pay would all put money into the hands of people who could be counted on to spend and keep on spending.

This was the policy that started Canada off on its supposedly golden age of exuberant life. Years went by, good times continued on their steady way and gradually high employment and high incomes began to grow. Families, unemployed, even a little, reluctantly. It was no longer sufficient to avoid depressions and to maintain prosperity. There must be growth, regular and consistent growth! Every government and every corporation in Canada quickly made growth its overriding aim. The possibilities and prospects of growth became the nation's chief concern, quarterly, and then monthly economic reports became essential to the nation's peace of mind. A significant portion of the gross national product represented the sum of human hope.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the rapid increase in growth rates and average things to the Canadian people and their government. Government, of course, intended to play a major part in the Keynesian scheme of things. But Canadian governments found it convenient to forget that their role in Keynes had defined it was essentially a bulwark role. They made hardly any attempt to moderate or stabilize the rate of growth, but they gave their talents largely to the business of inspiring and promoting it. Obviously the first duty of a growth-oriented government was to grow itself. Soon a highly inflated and extremely expansive state of "growth" — government, business, technicians, promoters and propagandists — began to help the government in enhancing its own expansionary plans. Even the rapidly growing and service apparently proved incapable of absorbing enough migrant workers and creating enough expensive programs to maintain consistent growth. It became necessary to import an individual or group — at high rates of pay of course — to investigate this or study that or report on the other. Almost invariably also, it proved necessary to engage another individual or group — and hopefully still bigger ones — to review the report or reconsider the study or evaluate the findings of the investigation.

Under the incessant urging of growthists, the role of all Canadian governments steadily expanded. The "public sector," the very phrase which would have been almost inconceivable to the prior generations — took over such a mammoth portion of national production that the word "free" became laughably inappropriate. Through the experience and knowledge they had already acquired, Canadian governments were far better fitted than, for example, American governments, to assume a large share in the control and direction of the economy. Public ownership in an instrument of national production had been solidly established before 1938, and now the federal regulation process, which transferred large sums from the richer to the poorer regions of the country enabled even small providers to take in the cutting edge of protection. Federal and provincial governments discovered new and expansive ways of exploiting their resources of petroleum, auto gas, nuclear energy, metals and water power. They were becoming landlords on a large scale, extracting large tracts of land for unnecessary airports or satellite towns. Sometimes they competed and sometimes they cooperated with each other in pursuing competition to establish factories in particular locations. Government subsidies and "forgivable loans" were granted to industries with a sole sense of equitable geographical distribution. Even when the fiscal imagination of politicians, civil servants and consulting "growth-men" ran out of ideas for new and costly projects, the federal government did not for a minute relax in its efforts to let the level of employment and income through the Job Creation Program and the Opportunities For Your Program, it invited Canadians to create to construct their own small make-work schemes.

The growth age did strange things to Canadian government. It did some strange things to the character of the Canadian people. It didn't seem to matter very much whether the Canadians had religious beliefs or political convictions or intellectual interests or artistic talents. Their only really important attribute was that somehow, they got money and spent it quickly. Above all else, they were consumers — or rather not exactly consumers but buyers. Their homes and garages were full of assorted unused junk which they had never needed or had discarded and forgotten, or which was now suddenly required because it was in fashion. "Inflame" was the word this craze for spending and borrowing that widened the scope of growth theory until it assumed the proportions of a national epidemic. Government and corporations had started the process; growth of new wealth was the aim of the populace, a popularized behaviour in constant buying and forced to live in a world of steadily rising prices.

When the crisis of food and fuel arrived in the autumn of 1973, Canadians at first greeted it with initial disbelief. They re-



MORE THAN ANY OTHER NATION WE HAVE THE MEANS TO BRING INFLATION UNDER CONTROL

food and energy. Because we have all three in abundance we perhaps more than any other nation have the means to bring inflation under reasonable control and to protect our own citizens and our own economic system.

Two of the factors that are levelling costs up in this country and are helping to justify the wage demands that add to the problem are high and increasing energy costs and high interest rates.

We are running short of accessible reserves of gas and oil. While we have a surplus to meet our own needs for the next few years, we have not enough to supply the Canadian market and our energy requirements to the U.S. market already in place. We are already planning to cut back on deliveries of oil across the border and the Americans, not surprisingly, are considerably upset. They want more oil, less. Canadian gas and oil, indeed, they say they will have it to add there own and their Alaskan oil fields can be tapped. This is a major reason why we are being pressured to undertake a crash program to push through two huge projects at once — the Mackenzie Valley corridor and the Alberta tar sands.

The inflationary impact of such a program would be horrendous. The billions of dollars of capital required — and nobody knows exactly how much is involved — would drive up interest rates and send the value of the Canadian dollar on foreign exchange markets soaring.

There is, it seems to me, a simple solution. We should cut off all supplies of gas and oil to the U.S. at once. We could continue to be a good friend and neighbour, however, by allowing shipment of these precious commodities to continue on the basis of quota. We would be paid an agreed price today, and have the right to buy back at the same price in the future when Alaskan reserves are capable of delivery. We should agree to let them have, say, up to one million barrels of oil a day at say \$30 a barrel over the next five years. If they will agree to pay us back the same amount at the same price out of their Alaskan reserves to Vancouver when we request it, we should do the same with natural gas.

This simple step would relieve the immediate pressure to put through two giant projects at once, we could postpone the Alberta tar sands development for a few years (and incidentally, until we had refined the necessary technology) and get on with the Mackenzie corridor project. The latter should be carried with further delay and, for many excellent reasons, should be financed externally by our own government rather than by bank borrowing. We can and should meet our own energy demands in our own time without wrecking our economy one iota.

Having bought some breathing space on the energy front we could turn to other needs.

We were told that the successive increases in the bank rate through 1973 and 1974 were designed to discourage borrowing, control expansion and reduce inflationary pressures. Of course, that's not what happened. As individuals, we were right on buying an estate, only we paid more for it. At the same time our corporations borrowed ever more and passed on the extra costs by raising their prices and writing off their related costs in calculating their income tax.

Instead of using inflationary pressures, the high cost of money added to them. The only way to meet increased interest rates brought an immediate drop in activity, the level at which we say you cannot afford a cutback. The cost of mortgage loans went sky high — and put the brakes on residential construction. High interest rates were effectively responsible for depressing stock prices, raising our capital markets and putting our investment industry into a costly and unnecessary depression.

The surface in home-building (a 17% drop in starts during 1974) has huge implications, both socially and economically. Decent housing is already beyond the reach of many Canadians, and when we pay more than they can really afford simply to find shelter, there must be found to stimulate the vital industry. I have two suggestions.

The first is that the income tax rates be amended to allow Canadians to deduct from their total income a substantial part of the interest on income they receive on approved mortgage loans. An individual taxpayer could be allowed, for example, a tax-free income of up to \$7,500 annually on investment in approved mortgages. To be approved, the loan would have an interest rate of no more than 7.5%. For instant investment, 7.5% interest received on free funds would be equivalent to more than 10% interest subject to tax. Not only would this step absorb more investment funds into housing, it would give the government an instrument to lower mortgage rates and to direct investment into moderately priced housing.

My second suggestion is that the mortgage lender should be assured and encouraged to support a partial equity position in the homes on which he gives his mortgage. In an economy where costs are rising steadily a house is the natural hedge against inflation. This is cold comfort, however, to people who can't get a house because there are no decent mortgage money available, and because it's so difficult to finance the down payment. One of the reasons for the lack of mortgage money is that lenders are afraid to put up funds for long periods at fixed interest rates in an inflationary environment. Why would for 20% over 30 years when next year's market may go to 12.5%? If, however, the lender also stands to benefit from a capital gain because price can easily rise (something I think we can take for granted over the next few years)

housing becomes a more attractive investment. Thus my suggestion is that the mortgage own part of the house where his money has gone to work.

Let's consider an example. I want to buy a house worth \$30,000. I go to a lender who agrees to give me a mortgage funds covering 80% of the cost at a low rate (because it is an "approved" mortgage) and I get as an option to purchase a 20% interest in my property over the first five years of the mortgage. His \$30,000 purchase is covered by borrowing my mortgage payments over that period. You get a house to live in, and you won't have monthly mortgage payments, etc. etc. etc. In other words, I would need to pay from my budget to make the down payment. I get part of the cost of the house the mortgagee owns and, when I decide to sell, my profit is in proportion to his ownership. If later I sell my \$30,000 house for \$100,000, the profit is \$50,000, but you pay \$10,000 for my 8.75%. I don't sell (and the decision is mine, not his) he continues to collect rent on a portion of the house so he is still better off than he would have been with an ordinary mortgage.

The short-term steps I have proposed so far would, I believe, head off some potentially major inflationary reactions and help to undo some of the damage our money managers have wrought. They would not, however, touch the long-term structural problems we have created. What should we do then? What should we do differently to remove this time? Here is a partial list:

1. Reduce interest rates, and keep them down, by monetary policy (such as financing some of our major resource development programs internally) by tax legislation and, if necessary, by exchange controls.

2. Deregulate the controlled expansion and vertical integration programs of large corporations, particularly those multinational corporations that have substantial in Canada. By selectively destroying them the right to defer interest charges from their taxable income, and requiring them to make choices in Canadian subsidiaries available to Canadian

3. Encourage company and regionally oriented unions.

4. Develop better ways of restraining consumer credit. Raising interest rates doesn't work. Staying down payments helps, but, if necessary, why not selectively dilute the right of shareholders to defer losses from taxable income?

5. Pay our debtors measures and federal MPS subsidies equivalent to those given to the top profits in industry and in the labour force. We are not going to make any headway by breaking up or slowing down the inflationary partnership of the big corporations and the big unions. We need to bring into government people who can compete at every aspect with their opposite numbers.

6. Encourage the creation and growth of new Canadian

owned businesses by changing corporation and income tax laws to make it easier for both large and small Canadian companies to raise new equity capital — and in the process try to restore our capital markets and our investment industry.

Let me comment briefly on the last suggestion.

In the past few years, high interest rates and their depressing effect on stock prices have tended to reduce the individual investor from an active role in the stock market. Most investors have used the value of their shares (which may of course be appreciated) as a hedge against inflation, rather than to finance their original cost. Unpleasantly, they have lost funds in the stock market and whatever new funds they have available, like the mutual and pension fund managers, are putting up high interest short-term loans. Our system is not geared so well as it was a period in which all of our investors have turned exclusively to moneylending and the only way for a business to raise new capital is to borrow on terms that more than eat up the profits of a struggling corporation.

The remedy is to restore the opportunity to invest in corporate earnings. I suggest this be done by permitting corporations to issue a new kind of share, on which it would be up to the shareholder — not the company directors — to decide whether to take his profit out each year, or leave them for reinvestment. These new shares could be called "income shares" and here is how the system would work:

They pay 100% of their earnings from Walgreen Lumber. For \$10 each. My dividend is rewarded, because Walgreen does very well indeed, and makes a substantial profit. Ordinarily, it would be up to the company's directors to decide what to do with the profits and evidently they would decide to keep most of them.

I would receive a few cents on each of my shares but my only hope for a real profit would be to sell out — not easy to do with great filling all across the stock market. With income shares, however, the choice would pass to me. If the annual profit worked out to \$2.50 a share, I would be entitled to take out my \$350 (a 25% return) or to reinvest it (hopefully without having to pay taxes on it because the tax laws would be altered to encourage the issue of such shares).

Well, if I have said nothing else in this article, I am sure I have demonstrated that as an economist I am indeed not a socialist — and that most of what I have said to explain areas where the government has been failing already stands. I would, however, permit the government to continue to do what it does best: to make the poor less poor. In detail, I would like to at least make the point that inflation itself is not the cause of our trouble, so let's just allow our leaders to plead that it is a plague sent from somewhere else and we have to live with it. That for is nothing more than a refusal to face reality. □





In The Mood

Everyone's back together dancing cheek to cheek

By Marci McDonald
Photographs by Ken Bell



Laini's face usually has a somber look. The dark hair darkened to a powder night, pale pink veins of light glowing just off the edges of the pale pink stars, shimmering off the magical core pieces of a sword sheathed half as the hand hangs out. Magically. Serrando and the wait of a trumpet long held in the air. I would be reading this out loud in the audience you understand but waiting all the time, probably in ice-blue chaffon and he would come and lend me off and we would know by the perfect reading of our songs, slipping and whirling across the floor that we would dance off together into our eternal happily-ever-after far-off. Yes, that was my dream.

Of course, things never quite work out the way you planned them at 11 years old, so I was watching after school all about to watch Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire waltz and glide over wistful music when Arthur Murray had Kathryn off into one last enlightened waltz with each work against the TV screen. How could it have calculated than that I would grow up in a time reasonably aherent to moonlight serenades and ice-blue chiffons that the senior prom would be a pizzazz joke and magic.

could be expected to flourish while parking in a single boat in splendid isolation on swaying post-oceanus dates flooded?



songs in *Two Rodeo*. In Waterloo one night this winter, I watched a very angular 23-year-old at a danceplace assume a perfect posture. And on another crowded dance floor three weeks later, a bright and very good-looking Nova Scotia engineering student suddenly confounded that he had been using his university relationship to take lessons at Arthur Murray ever since he had landed at his first college print. "I can't tell the movie come" out your feet," he says. "I just looked at me." In fact, it turns out that like Laura in *The Glass Menagerie*, there's a *Parade's* balloons just across the alley in almost everybody's dreams. And some ares have to go for the dream.

"We're finally growing up in Vancouver," says that was going to be a program director and Fred Astaire would come and see me," admits Connie A. M. Jenkins. Helen Hutchison (see previous page) Fred never quite made it. But a Toronto ad executive named David Harrison did. The night they met he invited her to his neighborhood bar and slipped on his famous Fred Astaire suit. "We sort of turned to each other and said, 'Fred! Gorge!' " the remember. And that's when we

knew our families matched. We danced as if we'd rehearsed forever." They were married within the year, of course. And now, she says, "we regularly clear the floor."

Home Ed Mireish (above), Toronto's dance master, says he never had time for balloon fastening growing up. "I was too busy delivering groceries on my bicycle." But when it came time for his son Daniel's bar mitzvah, he took a few lessons at Arthur Murray's and somewhere along the way the mega-mom had to get him because that was 17 years ago, and today he has a drawerful of medals and cups from balloon competition all over the continent and still takes lessons twice a week. To watch him some night in his walk-up studio working through the tango or paso doble is to see a man transformed, small pearl-shaped frame gliding with style and grace; all drama and grandeur. Faster, whirling, his partner high in the air with a touch of Valentine to the eye. "The tango is very serious," says Mireish. Ed. "It's the dance of love." Seven nights he and his wife wife Anne break off up in the tiny dance floor called Ed's Folies above his road-level restaurant and in-



know our families matched. We danced as if we'd rehearsed forever." They were married within the year, of course. And now, she says, "we regularly clear the floor."

One man who doesn't worry over these matters

is Canadian balloon dancing champion Frank Rege of Montreal (above) who this year for the first time in history won his wife and partner Vicki, off her feet and straight into the woman's spotlight at the U.S. Latin dance championships. "We eat, sleep and breathe dancing," he says. "Dancing is our whole life." They met three years ago on a competition floor in New York when he caught a sight of her in mid-dash and, after wheeling together over two continents, they are approaching the middle of a St. Brides ballroom. Now they dance together 10 hours a day and travel the world demonstrating their fancy footwork. "And the old rigs after work, we still enjoy just meandering around the floor for pleasure," he says. "There are times when you feel you're just floating on a cloud." They looked too use recent touring, and when he took his wife and son in 50 yards of sequined pink tutu

dropping maracas and in perfect unison they recipient presented under a clutching chandelier across the floor, they then quickly accepted a round. On the sofa there could feel the balloons on cold.

I called the states to Arthur Murray's to learn the score the very next night. It wasn't quite what I had expected. Bare floors and a stark wall of mirrors, a handful of chairs from the pillars stridently hopped here and there. But when they turned down the lights and put on the music, it was everything and more. Underneath a party sky of blue balloons they walked around and around a 20-year-old named Dan in Levi's holding 30-year-old Laura with the wild beat in her hip pure and let me tell you, if you half-closed your eyes, it was Marge and Genevieve Cruger and Fred right there in the room. Ed, the manager who had the expert of a somewhat frayed cool-car service man behind his dark shades, took my hand and took me and us onto the floor. He placed his hand in the center of my back and led me off into a perfect foxtrot. Step step, glide, negotiate, step. It wasn't till the fourth bar that I heard the trumpet blare! They were playing my song. ♦

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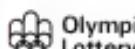
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5 th PRIZE	\$200,000
6 th PRIZE	\$150,000
7 th PRIZE	\$125,000
8 th PRIZE	\$100,000
9 th PRIZE	\$ 75,000
10 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000
11 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000
12 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000
13 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000
14 th PRIZE	\$ 50,000



SURGERY FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Run, don't walk, to your nearest second opinion

By W. GIFFORD-JONES, MD

Judy had her appendix removed at the age of 15. At 21, soon after her marriage she complained to her doctor about slight discomfort in her lower abdomen. He diagnosed a cyst on her right ovary and advised her to have it out. She readily agreed and her general practitioner performed the operation himself. Four years later at the age of 25, Judy continued to suffer from bouts of pelvic pain, often on the right side. She was given a variety of antibiotics and pain pills which helped a little. Then her doctor told her her symptoms indicated an infected tube and so — without reference to a consultant — her right tube was removed at the age of 26.

Still all was not well. Judy had always been stoic, courageous and highly strung and she had never slept well due to inhibition about sex, formed during her very strict religious upbringing. She told her doctor several times that she found intercourse painful but he appeared to ignore her complaint. So she eventually went to another doctor who had a nuptial room in the community for giving things close. He told her he had a tipped tube, a rare congenital condition in which the uterus has gradually fallen back toward the spine. It is not usually serious — many women in fact are born with it — though it can cause abdominal bleeding, backache or painful intercourse. Judy's doctor and dentist performed a second surgery, an operation to correct the womb to its former position. She was now 28 and for a time seemed to be better.

But from the way over more complaining about low pelvic discomfort, painful intercourse and severe pain with her periods, she was now starting to have heavy and long periods. In desperation she consulted another doctor, who thought she had an infection of her left tube and advised an abortion. Judy was tired of surgery by now, so she asked if anything else could be done. And so the neighbor who joins her in D and C surgery has been with her in an attempt to control the bleeding. Finally, when she was 35, the bleeding reached with a point that another operation was done and her left tube was removed. Once again, the surgery was

done by a self-trained GP who did not remove her womb at the same time — even though the operation meant she could never have any more children. Unfortunately, the latter option still failed to cure Judy's bleeding and a friend advised her to see a gynecologist. "All these operations," he told her, "have caused a lot of internal scarring and adhesions. The only logical option is to have a hysterectomy and completely remove your womb because I want this to be your last operation."

This at last solved Judy's problems — and the gynecologist did not bother to tell her like he had looked at the pathology report of her previous operations, that the tubes and ovaries she had removed earlier were normal.

Judy was not an isolated case. In fact it is typical of all the unnecessary surgery performed in Canada. One of four surgical operations performed in North America should not be done. It has been said that if a 20-year-old resident of some small still has his tonsils and appendix, he may have just missed them. Hysterectomy surgery is a dangerous game, even small operations carry an element of risk. They require a local or general anesthetic which may give rise to complications. A patient's heart may suddenly stop beating during any operation. Or a catheter a special tube developed to collect urine from the bladder — when an incision is made in the skin, there is a chance of infection being introduced into the body. One of the outstanding problems of surgery at the Harvard Medical School used to say there is no such thing as minor surgery, but there are a lot of minor surgeries.

Only 50% of the doctors performing operations in U.S. hospitals are fully qualified surgeons. The rest are general practitioners who have drilled gradually into surgery without taking specialist training — which a like exposing Wilber and Cecilia Wright to a plot a portion of the *Playboy* magazine. Self-trained surgeons also operate in Canada. 8% of all the operations for the removal of womb carried out in Ontario during 1971 was done by general practitioners.

It is difficult to tell how this came about. Years ago, the only surgeon in

town was often your family doctor. If you woke up at night with a sharp pain in your right side and it turned out to be appendicitis, you didn't have much choice, you could submit to an operation by a self-trained surgeon and probably survive or you could stay home in bed and die. Many of these all-but-family doctors are still in practice. But general practitioners have made great strides in recent years, so has the specialty of surgery.

The teacher is that your family doctor, George, may be out of the old school and you may find yourself trapped by your sense of loyalty to him. After all he's been a good doctor to you for many years. So why do you question that you need your gall bladder removed and assume he is going to perform the operation himself? You say it finds you on the spot. How can you excuse yourself? *Grease!*

First, don't get into a game of comparison between George and anybody else. This could only be linked to a man who has got out of bed at any hour of the night for you. Tell George you and your family can never repay him for his goodness for so many years. But my son feels that in this age of specialization if you would like your gall bladder removed by someone trained in abdominal surgery, you would like George to suggest someone in the category. Most men feel compelled to do what would be painless to their wives, when they are the patient. Of course a few will become so moved "They will tell you that next time Aunt Minnie falls out of bed at 3 a.m. you can call somebody else. It's always regrettable when that occurs, but it is the lesser of two evils."

A so-called adept surgeon, who is also a specialist in his field and studied under experts, has many things going for him and his patient — which a like exposing Wilber and Cecilia Wright to a plot a portion of the *Playboy* magazine. Self-trained surgeons also operate in Canada. 8% of all the operations for the removal of womb carried out in Ontario during 1971 was done by general practitioners.

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Lester. From the book, *The Doctor Game*, by W. Gifford-Jones, MD, published by McClelland and Stewart.

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There are fashions in surgery

the opening table. Good institutions lose less during the 1980s. And good hospitals are able to get out of trouble with less fan when the chips are down.

But as we have a new breed of doctors that patients must understand, so we also have a new kind of surgery. People jump on the "numbers game" of surgery, and conclude that the astronomical increase in the number of operations signifies that most surgeons have become less happy. They forget that the population increase accounts for part of the long operating lists. But the main point is that the surgery of the 1980s is not primarily performed to save lives, but to make other more comfortable. By removing troublesome structures. Many women will not need to depend from fibroids, a severely arthritic hip will not kill the patient, a kidney stone is not a lethal diagnosis. Yet surgery can help the agonizing pain of passing a kidney stone and in many other conditions life can be made more pleasant.

"Surgery of choice" is made possible by improved surgical techniques, better anaesthesia, blood transfusions and antibiotics. Surgeons can now tackle operations that a few decades ago were either impossible or likely to end in disaster. And most of them do an extremely capable job after working long hours while the rest of the world sleeps.

But from time to time there is a lousy day for "fashions" to develop in surgery. Transferring the cutting out of reflexed knee, we can't wait for more popular operations, drugs in to taste and when it is time for surgery it is dual hazards and a matter of dubious virtue the medical profession. It would be interesting to discover why the number of tonsillectomies performed on children varies so much from country to country and even within the same country. For instance, the operation rate for each 10,000 children under the age of 15 in Uppsala, Sweden, is 17, in Liverpool, England, it is 26, in the New England States, 76, in Durban, the rate is 280 and in British Columbia, 107.

Similarly, Canadians are less fond as are the English. This suggests either a peculiarity of the Canadian anatomy or — more likely — that some Canadian surgeons find that operation more profitable than do their English counterparts.

Everyone will remember the tremendous worldwide enthusiasm that greeted the first heart transplant, and the disappointment that followed when this innovative operation seemed to fail to live up to its initial promise — not be-

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Women are more likely to suffer unnecessary surgery than men: they often become pelvic cripples from too many operations

cause of any disability in the surgical technique but because science does not yet know enough about the mechanism by which the body "heals" when injured. There is another area of health surgery it seems, in which some cardiovascular surgeons may be becoming too anxious to return to the knife. About 25,000 coronary bypass operations are done in the U.S. every year. This operation relieves angina—the narrowing of the coronary arteries which supply the heart muscle with oxygen—by using one of the patient's own blood vessels to go around the obstruction. The theory is sound and its proponents claim the operation has saved millions of lives.

But some medical critics say surgeons are playing the wrong kind of game here. They say that in many bypass operations of greater risk are selected cases than those where the risk of surgery is low and other measures have failed. Probably their most piercing indictment is that in some cases proven medical treatments can wait before the operation. This intelligence has been used for years to expand the arteries of the heart but now there are also long-lasting relatives that keep them dilated. Another drug, propranolol, acts in slowing down the heart, decreasing its need for oxygen. Also a regimen of weight reduction and giving up smoking can help to alter heart conditions. Surely it would be wise to try these before subjecting the patient to a more radical operation.

Patients with angina will be well advised to look at both sides of the game. The number of patients dying as a result of surgery in this operation is still high. In the rest of centres it is about 5% to 10% but in some hospitals it is a few with operations costing it a higher toll. One doctor has increased the possibility of either dying in surgery or developing serious illness as much as 50%. In short, it's not a risky game.

Fortunately the patient's chance of being subjected to radical surgery such as the coronary bypass without an adequate reason is low, especially in a university hospital at large cities—and you should be skeptical about undergoing a radical operation elsewhere. A properly accredited hospital always has a formal committee of a half of the surgeon's peers which minutely examines his performance. The committee compares the surgeon's diagnosis before the operation with the pathologist's report on the organs removed, so that a surgeon whose operations are often run out to have been unnecessary will soon be spotted.



see the operating list every day to see what hospital managers are doing—or are not doing, what he is not doing. The patient's compensation doesn't usually pay for any unnecessary operations, but it can result in too much "gray surgery."

Women are more likely to suffer unnecessary surgery than men. Self-trained surgeons in particular find the pelvic region more accessible to them than men. In men this pretty well leaves them—the only appendix is water and Women with their ovaries and uterus are much more exposed to "gray-link-surgery."

But we must acknowledge surgery makes a woman a pelvic cripple. Sometimes the healthy woman is only sent off by an operation, but often there are internal scars, and new and then large masses of adhesions form joining tissues that are normally separate and perhaps pulling internal organs into abnormal positions with resultant pain and possibly more damaging complications

the greater the number of operations the more the chance of scarring.

Of course, there are occasions when "surgery of relief" can rid you of a grave annoyance with a good chance of a cure. "Grey area" problems are more common today than they used to be. A century ago, people used to die rather before they developed those troubles. Or they put up with them, since the surgical and anaesthetic techniques to deal with them did not yet exist. Older patients are likely to be troubled by various woes: falls, strokes, incontinence, lameness or painful hips. These annoyances can be corrected, and they should be for third-world health to a better life.

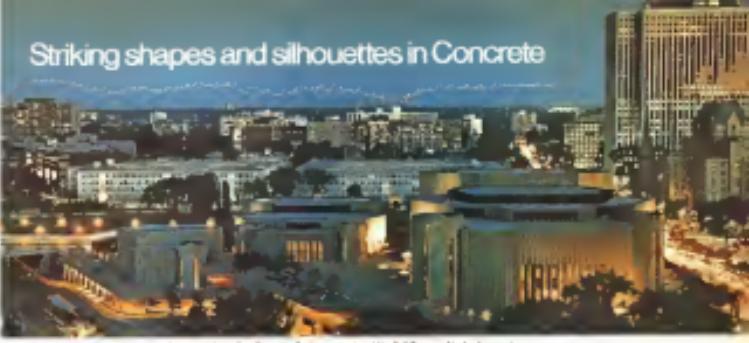
But remember, before you see a needless risk, that the annoyance should be genuine, and there should be a genuine chance of cure. Don't fall victim to "scriptphiles."

One patient repeatedly complained of a few small wrinkles on one leg. At each checkup she was assured they were of no practical significance and was advised to leave them alone. A couple of years went by without her doctor seeing her. When she came back she was extremely disturbed. Six months earlier she had found a surgeon who agreed that the wrinkles should be removed. After the veins were stripped her leg became quite smaller and it had remained so. Now she was spending a good part of every day with it elevated. She was also suffering a good deal of disorientation from the swelling and pain. She now realized how little the leg had bothered her before the operation.

The doctor in your neck takes an operation back to his or her doctor. That speaking, with patients have one or more complaints. He or she has patients here. Be on your guard if someone suggests an operation when, as far as you know, you feel quite well. Make sure you go all the facts. Find out what's wrong, why you don't feel sick, what will happen if you do nothing. Find out the usual role of treatment; it may be that a varicose X-ray has picked up a stone in the gall bladder and it should be removed before it causes trouble. A recent pelvic examination may detect a radically enlarged fibroid uterus which is almost surely going to cause trouble. Patients who appear perfectly healthy can have problems like this, but it's important to know the why and wherefore.

Top-drawer surgeons are only do a better medical job; they also know when not to operate. Good results and good surgeons go hand in hand. □

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Early evening view of downtown Ottawa, with the Arts Centre in the foreground and the Bell Tower in the background.



Sanded concrete slabs at Quebec's Experimental Centre. See Fig. 2a



Concrete profiles. In Assumption Square, Montreal, B.C.

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ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE FREDRICK

PROFILE OF THE RAPIST AS AN ORDINARY MAN

He may act like Charlie Manson, but he thinks like you and I
BY MYRNA KOSTASH

I was hitchhiking from my parents'

place to the city and got a ride with a man. When I first got into the car, he looked like a nice guy, you know, someone who would be my type. He was 25 years old and had been out of school for a couple of years. We got to talking and he said, "You know, when I was about 18 he said he wanted to pull over on the side of the road and rape. I told him I was kind of in a hurry to get home. I had to get in to get away, other than how everything we talked about ended up in a discussion about sex. He told me all about his sex experiences and wanted me to talk about mine. I was trying to give an old rap, when I finished I tried as earnestly as possible. Do there was no way I was convincing my availability by the way I was dressed. Then he and we were going to sleep whether I liked it or not and he was going to "make love" to me. I told, "I don't particularly want to make love to you." He pulled over on the side of the road and reached over me and put his thumb on the back of the door and wouldn't let me out. We jumped on me. He ripped my clothes.

And then he raped her. Forced her into that act he called "making love," and made believe that what he was representing in the cramped space of the car's front seat was a lover's pleasure. She went to the police but went pressed charges. Instead she has spent the last year wrestling with her fears and her rage. She finally realized all that was a rape, recorded partly as therapy and partly so that others would know and understand just what the experience of being raped is like.

He was no weirdo. He didn't crawl around neighborhoods and stand at passing women from behind bushes. He didn't have the kind of gawked face and unformed gaze of the dirty old man you see in salways comix and bibles rating at women's night.

If you asked him about himself he would tell you he was just an ordinary guy like had a good job, lived his mom took good care of the members and to have a slight Myrna Kostash is a freelance writer on the regular columnist for *McNamee's*

vet the ones who lit him hell. I told my mom just as you say them days. They all pretend to think that they are regular mothers and fathers. Me, I might, but at the end it was just a little pressure on them and maybe get a little threatening, they almost always give in. Women want to be pampered, roughed up a bit. You certainly don't have to give "no" as their final answer.

If you asked him for his version of what went on in his car that night that is what he might say: what do you expect guy to think when he sees a chick all alone on the highway, hitchhiking? And, when she turns out to be real friendly and dressed up like a hippie? I mean come on, you'd have to be pretty dense not to figure out that she's on the make. So you can imagine how I felt when she suddenly got on her high horse and said "no."

No one, neither psychologists nor the police, rape counselors nor judges seems to know just what pushes an "ordinary guy" over the line between courtship and rape. Thus as research available and theories have been formulated which accept a description of who the rapist is, what kind of personality is likely to be what might go on in his mind during the attack and how he rationalizes himself, there is partly what is that distinguishes a rapist from the rest of men who don't in spite of frustration, humiliation, pain or torture, force sexual intercourse on a woman without her freely given consent is a mystery. The rapist doesn't understand himself any better than we do. In fact a rapist may not even be conscious he's done anything wrong. According to a recent study in Denver, Colorado, "most rapists can neither admit nor express the fact that they are a monster to society."

I couldn't believe it was happening and that I could be so completely duped. Me I was in much stronger than I was. When he was finished, I stood up and he grabbed me for snatching up the interior of his car. I begged him to let me go. He just couldn't believe I would have to hear him. Like him and anyone someone jerked me up and raped me? I thought. As an old, as a wise

But in all probability, he is an ordinary man. According to the Philadelphia criminologist, Michael Argersinger, "most rapists are not sex offenders. He is not a sociopath, a psychopath, a sexual type, nor are they as a group significantly more disturbed than the control group, which they are compared." Most of the time the popular misconception that all rapists are "sexual psychopaths." And the average rapist shares this misconception with us. Since he knows it's not Jack the Rapist lurking in dark corners ready to pounce on his unsuspecting female and drag her away, he doesn't think of himself as a rapist. He sees rapists committed by others in the same way we do, as the behavior of perverted individuals and not something that is, a normal, virile and amateuristic male does when he "makes love" to the pristine and violated body of his victim.

He wouldn't then, recognize himself in most of the psychological accounts of a rapist's motivations. "Intrinsic drives," "symbolic matricide," "latent homosexuality," "incestuous appetites," etc. Even if he did, the information would be very useful to him as a rapist on an over all view of men. The rapist has imposed his sexuality and his appetites on a woman, and doesn't want to participate. He has violated another human being's right to self-determination and he has terrorized her through a show of power. For him to see this as legitimizing to the real act. And yet the rapist does operate within the spectrum of normal masculinity and male sexuality. Within that spectrum he is extricated.

Argersinger's study (the only comprehensive one to date in North America) showed that the majority of rapists are between 15 to 25 years of age — the period of a man's life when he is most sexually fluctuating, his muscles in the new rate of adult masculinity. Since the social messages he receives about machismo reinforce the mythology of aggressiveness and toughness, a young man who rapes may be covering up for his feelings of weakness, sexual inadequacy and dependence — feelings which, as a man, is not supposed to have — and taking

The rapist often forces his victim to say she loves him and that she will go out with him afterward

decent as a lonely victim. About half of the rapists Avera studied had a previous criminal record and more than half were either unskilled laborers in unskilled Debra Lewis (University of Toronto criminology student) points out that if you are angry, frustrated, humiliated and a man, you can often deflect your misery safely onto a woman. She's less likely to fight back than a man.

Other rapists Avera studied were employed or middle-class. The only theory that seems to explain their behavior is the psychological one: "They do it for fun. An rapist gets pleasure just from trying to frighten women, elements of cruelty and danger toward the women they place in the position of sexual objects."

In 42% of the rapes studied, the victim and the rapist came from the same neighborhood and half the rapes originated in a meeting at the victim's or the rapist's house or at a party or a bar. Chances are the rapist knows his victim and moves in the same social circles. Chances are the rape will take place at the end of a social encounter. This makes it easier for him to set his behavior as "accidental" or "making love." That 42% of the rapes were planned demonstrates the myth that rape is the impulsive act of a man who can't help himself. In high-risk periods he uses the sex at first and the more intensive degree of violence occurring in group rapes suggests that group rapists perform for each other to prove how "manly" they are. It seems that the overprotecting and homelife of another person is as important as having sexual encounters with her, that the court pronouncements more than physical gradations for the rapist. Debra Lewis sees it in a power terms: "If you're a person who doesn't feel very powerful or important, you're going to have the same attitude toward your body. The more intense you can make your victim feel, the more you feel your own need. There is a large frequency of the rapes demanding the women will kiss her like it is that she loves her, that she will go out with him after it's a situation in which he has perfect control at last."



He said, "Get me one good reason why you should kiss me because I want to do it now." I was terrified. I didn't want to do it, gave him what I considered to be a pretty good reason that I was a human being and had as much right to do as anybody else. He said that wasn't good enough. He just has hands around my neck and told me to come up with something else. He told me I had no right to be alive.

On the one hand, men are taught that women, being supposedly the softer and weaker sex, are in need of their gentle, ready protection; on the other hand, there are pervasive social messages in film, literature, music, television, that women are, in fact, sexual, lascivious and

masochistic. The rapist, as a product of this power/knowledge toward females and the sexual/ability around femininity often makes what can be called the compromise of jingling out certain kinds of women as rape victims. His mother and sister held dear to that flesh but that broad down the street in the tight sweater who were to feel with his hand in her game. Better still if she's non-white, untrained, living as her own and working class. Avera writes that rapists are "attracted to very certain females, appropriate ones, and inferior ones, as an aggression of their own, their own, for, rap." This is not only because these women have less sexual power and therefore aren't considered "worth" so much, but also because terrible implications with them can even just arrive in rape.

I thought about my parents and what a drag it was going to be for them when my body was found. I got really angry about hurting them. I said, "Look, if you do this to me, I'm going to kill you." He looked at me and said, "You're crazy, aren't you?" I was playing his game and it worked. He drove me back to the city. As we were driving, he said he thought we could become good friends and he told me his address there or something. I think he was probably as scared as I was.

Although the police often use women not in resist an attack for fear of provoking even more violence, the Denver study shows that a woman can stop a rape (in the hands of a stranger) at stage one by refusing to be intimidated. "Above all, the rapist needs ordered and controlled behavior from his victim." As women become more self-confident and aware of their own strength, the incidence of rape may begin to decrease. The Denver study pointed out that "victims of rape attempt" scored higher on measures of dominance and assertiveness ... were more self-sufficient and had a greater sense of well-being [than those who did not resist]."

And maybe fighting back is the only real deterrent there is. It is pretty ob-



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Some lawyers worry that judges and juries don't treat rape seriously anymore

According to everyone that was legal system in it, it's estimated that only one third of cases of all rape are ever reported to the police. Many women who do report attacks never even get into a courtroom. They find the interpretation by the police to be such a brutal process that they don't press charges.

The first thing the police detective said to me was, "What's the matter, didn't he just say enough money?" I couldn't believe it. He asked me if I had reported it, he said I must have enjoyed it. Look at the way I dress, I must be promiscuous. Then he told me that if I couldn't make the kind of questioning now, I wouldn't be able to make it have a case. Did I really want to press charges?

So the percentage of cases actually brought to court is small and only a few of them actually result in conviction. In many cases, the conviction that is finally obtained may not be for rape, but for related charges of indecent assault. It is important to note that the charge of rape which can be pressed by a police officer, only applies only to forcible penetration of the vagina (less than 5% of the cases examined in the Denver study involved vaginal rape).

For the victim, any kind of sexual and sexual harassment is horrible and destructive. But a person that is parents and legislators, in police and in the community at large is in a position to argue, the sacred institution of marriage and maternity that is the predominant offence. Ontario Crown Attorney John Kerr says he has been involved in cases "in which the girl had been assaulted in a home by her partner but because no sexual vaginal penetration was involved the case was probably only to a charge of indecent assault." Even though vaginal rape is obviously considered, in the eyes of the law to be a more serious crime, Sergeant Robert Lyman of the Toronto police says he hasn't heard of a rapist in the last two years who's been sentenced even to 10 years. "The average is four to five. If he had never been in trouble before, and if he's going to get his probationary help, sometimes he'll only get two to three. Sometimes it makes you wonder."

Kerr isn't encouraged by this trend to leniency among judges and juries. While no one is suggesting that we should go back to the old days and in a fury of vengeance, sustain a rapist, or even whip him, Kerr warns that "with our changing standards of morality, maybe

judges aren't treating rape so seriously anymore."

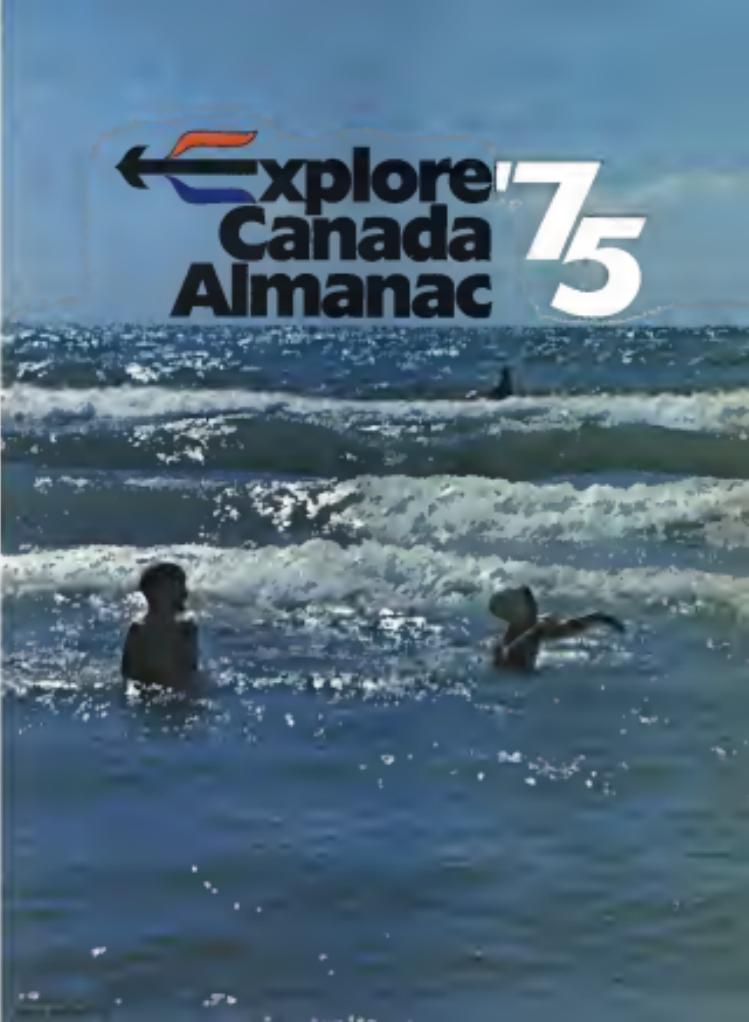
We know that experiences are being shared throughout North America in that the women's movement, millions of women are suddenly willing to press charges. But there are more perverse reasons. The so-called Sexual Revolution of the Sixties "liberated" both men and women from the inhibiting restraints of a more puritanical sexual ethic. Then, with the women's movement of the Seventies, with the publicized struggle of women for independent status, many of the pre-Revolution, Victorian devout commanding women were withdrawn. A woman who wants to take care of herself can no longer be an object of male solicitude. It was only when a woman was seen as fully delicate and helpless that male protection "sounded" toward her seemed sensible. A woman on her own is fair game.

What then is to be done? How do we make the legal system a real deterrent to rape? How do we make it capable of protecting the civil rights of women and the rights of the accused? "How to aid and abet" increases? The prosecution of rape charges might be made easier by legislating different degrees of rape carrying different minimum sentences. Police departments should establish units such as New York's Sex Crimes Analysis Unit which is run by female detectives. The New York Unit, besides managing and processing all cases of rape and attempted rape, also tries to seduce male officers in their attitudes to sex crimes. As of this writing, no police department in Canada has tried to set up anything like it.

The legal profession has to realize that whatever the psychosexual interaction between a man and a woman during a rape, a physical interaction is involved in the crime. A senior male Barrister, Beauchamp of Toronto's King's Bench Court, thinks that the way rape cases are handled now, particularly because of Section 342 of the Criminal Code (which requires a judge to convict a jury that it is not safe to believe a woman on her word alone), they are grossly prejudiced.

Obviously, there is no single remedy that is going to eradicate sexual assault on women. Legislative changes are required, as are "rape squads" in police departments. So are rape crisis centres and rape groups with pamphlets. But these kinds of changes only deal with the aftermath of a rape. If we want to stop rape we have to figure out how to grow up as human beings. ☐

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Consolidated Tours will take tourists on a 7-day tour to Sagkeet Island on which there's an abundance of wildlife for the naturalist, pleasure for the geologist, ancient Eskimo sites for the archeologist and the sight of a walrus

for the photographer. Variations of this tour available. Departures June 13 thru September 5, 1975. Cost per person, from Montreal, from \$499.

Canadian National has a 7-day Golden North tour. You'll visit Yellowknife, Inuvik, Tuktoyaktuk and Sachs Harbour. Air fare, all accommodations, meals, transfers, guides, night-sailing and charter flight included. Departures May 15 thru September 15, 1975. Cost per person, twin room, from Edmonton \$1525.

Betterfield and Robertson presents several offerings. They include a Mackenzie River Cruise — a 7-day luxury cruise through the N.W.T. on the historic and beautiful Mackenzie River. Sailing north and southbound from June 11 and June 17 thru October, 1975, all-inclusive cost from Edmonton, from \$1235. Also, at the Yukon, a 10-day rafting voyage down the Foothills River, a wilderness river. Departures are July 22 and August 5, 1975. Twin engine, Dawson City, Yukon.



1975; all-inclusive cost from Whitehorse, from \$443.

Pacific Western Airlines offers an exciting 9-night tour on which you stay at *Swallow Lake Wilderness Lodge*, north of the Arctic Circle. Departure from Yellowknife June 32 thru July 31, 1975, at \$1225 per person, twin room, including meals.

W WEST

Summer has a variety of good-value tours to the West including a 13-day Western Canada Wonderland holiday. You travel by train with your Statuary escort through Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan to Banff. Then travel by motor coach to Jasper, Vancouver, Victoria, Whistler, Hot Springs, Kelowna and Lake Louise before returning home. Departures from Toronto June 13 thru September 7, 1975, and cost per person, twin room, is from \$699 which includes many extras. You can also take a Sunbeam 1975 on Lake Whistler. This relaxing 8-day vacation departs June 7 thru September 20, 1975, and costs from \$377 per person, rate accommodations, from Toronto.

Pacific Western Airlines invites you on a household holiday on the beautiful *Shuswap Lakes*, B.C. Cost per person sharing double from \$275 includes accommodations, equipment, food and 52 miles of boat trips. From *Port Alberni* to *Kelowna* to *Lake*, *Desertview* May 10 thru October 4, 1975, from Kelowna.

Royal Glacier Tours has a 6-day *Glacier to Edson* tour departing June 23 thru September 8, 1975, at \$410.00 per person, twin, from *Calgary*, and many other attractive offers.

U.L.T. Holidays Tours offer a good 9-day tour, *The Alberta*, on which you'll sightsee *Calgary* (plus the *Stampede* on July 5 and 12, departures), visit castle *Lethbridge*, *South Alberta*, *Waterton Lakes National Park*, *Fairmont Hot Springs*, *Lake Louise* and *Banff*. Departures from *Toronto* June 28 to August 17, 1975, from \$774 per person, twin. Then there's *The Moun-*



Kwai Indian Village, a "Living Museum," anchors British Columbia.

water tour and the chance to see Vancouver, Victoria, the Fraser Canyon, Kamloops, Mt. Robson, Jasper and Banff. You fly to Vancouver and take a scenic train ride home. Departure from Toronto June 24 to August 26, 1975, from \$995 per person. Also, ask your travel agent about UTL "bus" package to Alberta and BC during the periods March 1 to June 9, and September 13-November 15, 1975.

Canada Tour has a 21-day Canadian West Coast program, a motor coach tour on which you have time to explore the diverse countryside of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and enjoy many interesting stops en route. Departure is in June, July and August, 1975. The cost per person, twin room, from Toronto, London and Ottawa \$569.

Rocky Mountain Raft Tours is operating guided raft trips at the Rockies. There's an overnight whitewater trip in Kootenay National Park, departing out of Revelstoke every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from July 1 to August 31, 1975, at \$110 per person.

Horizon Holidays offers six months of Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast tour. On each of these quality tours you travel by air or motor train, stay at the best hotels and all sight-seeing and dinner are included in the price. A 15-day *Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast* tour takes you west on CP's world-famous Canadian and returns you to CN's Super Continental. This grand tour of the great Canadian West includes best hotels, all sight-seeing and dinners at a cost from \$997 (\$1,000 per person) from Toronto or Montreal or \$1,000 from Vancouver. Departure is July 1 to September 20, 1975.

Cook's Travel of Burlington will have a 14-day quality *Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast* tour, departing May 27, thru September 26, 1975, from \$996 per person, twin (land only).

Maritime has a *Maritime Farm Vacations* on which you'll spend 6 nights on a farm and 1 night in a charming hotel, plus you have transportation and car rental for 7 days. Cost for adults during June 1 to August 26, 1975, \$683. You can also plan a *Weekend at Fiddleback* for as little as \$360 per adult sharing and \$20 for a child sharing with parent. This holiday package includes 5 nights Whistler hotel, breakfast for 2 mornings, Fiddleback passengers and intermediate van, car rental for 3 days.

The Saskatchewan Transportation Company offers a delightful *Prarie Foothills* tour departing Regina July 31, returning August 7, 1975. Travel by motor coach, 7 nights accommodation, including sight-seeing of Boundary, Diefenbaker, Riding Mountain National Park, Prince Albert Pulp Company Mill, Saskatchewan, North Battleford, Wascana, Prince Albert and Flin Flon. Price on request.

CENTRAL

Travelways Tours will have a 3-day *Alpine Canyon* vacation by motor coach, train and boat, featuring over "Chichenitza" Jerry ride across Gavilan Way. Departure July 12 thru October 10, 1975, costing \$395.50 per person, twin room. In addition, there's a 5-day *North Ontario Adventure* featuring Polar Bear Express to Moose Lake, canoe ride to Moose Factory Island, Thunder Bay harbor cruise, Algoma Canoe trail excursion and more. Departure July 12 thru September 1, 1975, and costs \$250 per

Quebec Summer Festival, Place Royale

person, twin room. Your travel agent can also tell you about Travelways 3-day *Acadia Festivals* & *Maritime Island* tour, a 3-day *Quebec Take Festival* trip and an 8-day *Gaspé Grand* escorted vacation. There are "departures" to Gaspé July 3 thru October 4, 1975, costing per person, twin room, \$215. Most departures from Halifax, Burlington, Oakville, Toronto, Berlin, Guelph and Kingston.

Canada Tour offers a 3-day trip to the *Ontario Folk Festival*. There will be 4 departures in late May and cost per person, twin room, is \$37 from London or \$69 from Toronto and Ottawa. In addition Canada Tour will have 5-day Moosejaw and 3-day Agawa Canyon trip. Also, a Gaspé and Saguenay River tour will be available.

Canadian National has a 16-day (from Vancouver) and 21-day (from Winnipeg) Ontario and Quebec holiday. You'll enjoy life aboard your train as you travel through a large part of this vast country. Stays in town include accommodations. Daily departures May 15 thru September 30, 1975, at a cost per person sharing train and hotel accommodations from Vancouver \$835, from Winnipeg \$885. You can also take a 7-day tour of Quebec and Ontario from Toronto. Daily departure May 15 thru September 30, 1975, costing \$280 per person, twin room. CN also has a 7-day (from Fredericton) and 5-day (from Montreal) tour of the Great Lakes. Departure June 2 thru September 26, 1975, at \$345 per person sharing train and hotel accommodations from Toronto, \$269 from Montreal.

Great West presents a 7-day tour of *PEI* that includes all the points of interest in the Pocat and Gaspé area. Departure are every Sunday from Montreal and Quebec, June 8 thru Oc-

tober 5, 1975. Cost per person, twin \$300 (trippers and bookings incl.).

Royal Camping Tour offers a 7-day Ontario camping tour. Traveling in a specially equipped minibus and stopping at choice campsites, the cost per passenger including food is \$120. Departure is June thru September, 1975, from Ottawa.

Horizon Holidays has an 11-day escorted *Gaspé, Quebec City and Saguenay Cruise*. You'll travel by private motor coach, stay in first-class hotels and use many wonderful sights. Many meals and all sightseeing included. Departure July 5 thru August 30, 1975, and the cost per person twin room, from Toronto \$397, from Montreal \$387.

Oakville, Toronto, Kingston and sometimes Ottawa. Also ask about Travelways 21-day *Newfoundland* tour, from \$399 per person, twin, departing July 4 thru September 10, 1975.

Terra Nova Tours operates an 8-day tour of Newfoundland, departing July 13 and August 3, 1975, early out of St. John's. Breakfasts and accommodations included in price of \$310 per person, twin room.

Horizon Holidays invites you to journey with them into the wild wilderness of Labrador, the unspoiled beauty of Newfoundland and to St-Pierre & Miquelon. This 13-day quality escorted tour by air, ferry and motor coach departs July 7 thru July 28, 1975, from Toronto at \$1161 or Montreal \$1015 per person, twin room. You can also join up in Montreal and leave at St. John's for \$1029. In addition, Horizon is offering a 14-day fully escorted tour, *The Northwest Tour* departs June 21 thru September 8, 1975 and costs \$787 from Toronto, \$751 from Montreal and \$630 from Moncton/Charlottetown. And if you want to visit only Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and P.E.I., Horizon has a 9-day escorted tour by air and private

motor coach, departing June 26 thru September 10, 1975. The cost per person, twin room, from Toronto \$579, from Montreal \$511 or Halifax \$441.

We want to tell you more about *Explore Canada* tours. Be sure to ask your travel agent to tell you more about *Explore Canada* tours.

A ATLANTIC

UTL Holiday Tours will take you on a 14-day *Maritime escorted Atlantic Adventure*. Tour on which you explore Moncton, enjoy the delights of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P.E.I., capped off with a visit to St. John's, Newfoundland and the surrounding coastal area. Departure June 29 thru August 24, from Toronto \$859 per person, twin room.

Mountain is operating a 9-day fully escorted *Maritime Maritime Holiday* which includes the regions of P.E.I., Halifax, Peggy's Cove, Lunenburg and Cape Breton and the Annapolis Valley. All transportation, accommodations, baggage handling and tipping for one piece of luggage, four meals, plus excise from \$459 per person, twin room, from Toronto. Departure June 28 thru August 30, 1975.

Transwest Tours has three east coast programs this summer; *Alaska Canada* — a 14-day escorted tour by motor coach and boat featuring Quebec City and ocean cruises of New Brunswick, P.E.I., Nova Scotia — departing June 30 thru September 11, 1975, from \$385 per person, twin room. *Maritime International* — a 14-day escorted tour by motor coach and boat featuring Montreal, Quebec City, P.E.I., Gaspé, Bonaventure Island, P.E.I., Nova Scotia — "departing July 6 thru September 7, 1975, from \$410 per person, twin room, and a *Maritime and Gaspé* 16-day escorted tour, departing July 5 thru September 25, 1975, from \$449 per person, twin room. "Three tour depart from Halifax, Burlington,

Cruise the Inside Passage to Alaska.



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76 warm Summer days and 2,152 magnificent miles through the coastal waters of British Columbia and up to Alaska.

You'll sail from Vancouver to Ketchikan, Wrangell, Glacier Bay, Sitka, Juneau, Prince Rupert, and Alaska Bay on Canadian Pacific's *Princess Patricia*. From \$175 to \$977 (double occupancy).

For a free colour brochure, mail this coupon to *Princess Patricia*, CP Rail, Pier 18, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2L0.

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B C

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Whether you enter British Columbia by rail, bus, or plane, you'll agree this is one incredibly beautiful province. For example, Vancouver, one of the most temperate cities in the world, provides so many contrasts in sights, sounds and things to do that you could spend your entire vacation right here. Can you mighty imagine a thriving metropolis, snow-capped mountain peaks west in July and miles of dense, sandy beaches, all on the shores of the glorious Pacific Ocean?

Within minutes of innumerable hotels, shops and restaurants, Stanley Park affords 1,000 acres of recreational facilities. There are 22 miles of walking trails and 11 miles of winding roads; beaches, gardens, tennis courts, places to picnic, a zoo and one of the world's best aquariums.

Foolish beauty seems to be everywhere, especially in Queen Elizabeth Park and 15-kilometre from the city are the famous Vancouver Botanical Gardens.

Here you can see the unique British Columbia-style plants which you can purchase. Irish ferns, Scotch mosses, English elms, Scandinavian aspens and roses such as the tea rose.

If you're not touring the city at least a double-deck English bus, visit Thunderbird Park, alongside the Empress Hotel, and within a mobile collection of authentic totem poles and delicate emblems, actually carving the totem poles.

To the right of the park are Hastings Court, the striking Provincial Museum-Archives complex and situated 15 miles from Victoria, the world-famous Butchart Gardens — a mosaic of shrubs, flower beds, paths and walkways, has welcomed sightseers for over a half a century.

Victoria's newest attraction comes

in the form of a restored 1920's steam locomotive, the Royal Hudson 2860. Dubbed the "Spanish Gourmandise," the train takes you on a nostalgic day-journey onto the past and some of the greatest scenery from North Vancouver to Squamish. The entire family will enjoy this outing, but its overwhelming popularity, for all the magnificence you should purchase tickets at the Vancouver Rail Depot on your arrival.

Once you've exhausted yourself in Vancouver, you have any number of routes to travel in British Columbia. The leisurely ferry trip, through long reaches of water dotted by the beautiful Gulf Islands to Victoria, could be one way to set your mood. Perhaps

lets the old gold mining town of Cache Creek and the boating city of Kamloops, nestled among rolling hills and sparkling lakes. You witness great contrasts of scummy desert and sulphurous, forests and cypress, mountains and gorges. And there's always a choice campsite or first-class resort at which to spend the night.

Undoubtedly, the highlight of your trip will be your journey through the mighty Fraser Canyon. Make certain you hold tight as you follow the road dropping off precipitously to the thundering Fraser River below. And you should stop to ride the Hell's Gate Bridge, drop 500 feet for a close-up look at the turbulent river pouring on way toward the sea.

For those seeking an alternate route out of Vancouver, arrange to take the wondrous Inside Passage, from Robley Bay on Vancouver Island, to Prince Rupert, another startlingly beautiful setting in the northwestern corner of the province. As you travel the Yellowhead route, through bewitching logging communities to Fraser George, ram off the road to the authentic Gitman Indian Village, Kitsa — just before you come to New Hazelton. Guides will help you tour four of six ceremonial houses on the site.

Many just find time to soak up some dramatic mountain country in the campground and trailer park adjoining Kootenay Lake. Or as you continue in the direction of New Hazelton, you'll stop at the Pioneer Home Museum housing a valuable personal collection of antiques and marmachina. One thing's certain, you'll want to visit this pioneer spot. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write the Department of Travel Industry, 1019, West Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8V 1X6.

Keeping a schedule at a typical Gastown sidewalk cafe



Setting sun in Vancouver Harbour

you'll arrive just in time for the traditional 4 o'clock tea taken in the lobby of the venerable Empress Hotel. Then staff will demonstrate how to make the Tudor-style cups on which you can purchase Irish Jellies, Scotch mosses, English elms, Scandinavian aspens and roses such as the tea rose.

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Thunderbird Park, alongside the Empress Hotel, and within a mobile collection of authentic totem poles and delicate emblems, actually carving the totem poles.

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Parks, seashore beaches, elegant private homes and youth bases are all part of Vancouver Island. The incredibly beautiful coastline of Cape Scott, on the northwestern tip of the Island, has now become the end of the trail and the goal of serious hikers and out-dosers.

If you've already decided to spend your entire vacation at the mainland, you should follow the Trans-Canada Highway and Yellowhead route northwardly to the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, 12,972-foot Mt. Robson. Without doubt, this is one of the most awesome sights in all British Columbia. Moreover, no route, you pass through the ocean-modified and fruit-laden Okanagan and Similkameen Val-



British Columbia.

This is just a sample of what's waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. A typical West Coast sunset (bottom) over Vancouver's skyline. 2. Long Beach, Vancouver Island—21 sandy miles along the Pacific Ocean. 3. A pack train crossing a sky-high meadow in the Rockies. 4. Vancouver's Gastown, the cobblestone heart of a big new city.



For the time of your life.

For a lot more pictures and information write: British Columbia's Department of Travel Industry, 1019 West Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8V 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.

ALTA

A cowboy grimaces as he hangs onto a bucking Brahman bull. A bronco buster is in the saddle for the first leap from the narrow chute into the dusty ring. These are only two classic events repeated each afternoon at the Calgary Stampede, July 3 to 13. In the evening, exciting photojournalism comes from a spectacular production of song and dance at the Grandstand, capped off



Bronc riding is just one of many thrilling rodeo events at the Calgary Stampede.

with a dazzling firework display.

For the duration of the Stampede, the grounds also become the site of several Indian Village in which 300 representatives of Indian tribes make their home. You can experience Indian life up close and witness ceremonial dances, including the powwow.

However, visitors to Calgary will enjoy many other major attractions this year as you help celebrate this city's Centennial. To many, the Stampede will be the high point of the year-long celebrations, but football addicts may debate the Grey Cup Invitational and

game, November 19 to 23, will top them all. While you're in the city, explore delightful Heritage Park and tour the Homestead's Hall of Fame.

You probably glimpsed the Rockies from the top of the Calgary Tower. Now you're getting a close-up look at these magnificent walls of rock rising around you as you approach Banff National Park, just a 90-minute drive away. The pioneer town of Banff is a flurry of activity as visitors buy souvenirs, shopping for lunch or dinner at a snack bar or good restaurant. Next, take time for a leisurely ride at Sulphur Mountain on Mt. Norquay and get an unforgettable view of spectacular mountain scenery. Then continue on to beautiful Lake Louise.

Like Banff, Jasper is a conveniently located centre in the national park, catering to visitors who prefer modern accommodations and facilities rather than a campsite life. In Jasper National Park, the mountain scene more commanding than the last and at Maligne Lake, Spirit Island appears the ultimate example of a quietening setting.

If you're in the mood to sample city life, drop in to one of the many bars that you find. Calgary and Edmonton are certainly expansionist building boomers, with the latter taking a slight edge. Accommodations, restaurants, nightclubs and shops are as close as those in Canada's other sophisticated cities.

July 16 marks the arrival of Edmonton's Kinsmen Days and two days of fun, excitement. Edmontonians and visitors from far and wide celebrate this annual continues to be brighter, louder than ever.

Then it's a continuous whirl of entertainment on the streets, at the Exposition Grounds and in the eight-siech Whist Pools in town, visit the Provincial Museum and Archives and Fort Edmonton, an authentic hand-hewn replica of the original fort. Just 15 miles east of Edmonton, the Alberta Game Farm draws more attention each year as an excellent zoological attraction where thousands of animals roam freely in compounds, some of which are rare and vanishing specimens.

North of the city, Fort Saskatchewan will be the scene of additional centennial events. In mid-June, the grand opening of the Fort Saskatchewan

Historic Site will take place. The site presents an interesting collection of buildings and artifacts to depict the town of 100 years ago.

Should you begin your holiday in Edmonton and continue on to Calgary, go via Drumheller where you'll see hoodoos, natural columns of rock in fantastic forms, created by erosion millions of years ago. The various gorges and canyons provide a great variety of terrain, and the land sits in the valley below.

You'll encounter Alberta's startling contrasts of beauty in any manner of directions, whether you travel by rail, air or bus. Cypress Hills Provincial Park tucked away in the southeastern corner of the province appears to be some fluke of nature. Rising out of the prairie is an altitude of over 4,000 feet, even higher than Banff, this last provincial park in Alberta is certainly one of the most beautiful.

Nestled in the other corner of Alberta, you find one of the country's latter historic sites, Fort Macleod. It was here, 100 years ago, the North-West Mounted Police arrived to open up the West and play an important role in the history of the province. Today, a stylized version of the first NWMP outpost at Western Canada incorporates a museum housing artifacts of early police equipment and pioneer horse furnishings.

A little further southwest, you reach Waterton Lakes National Park which can easily be with parts of Banff when it comes to magnificent scenery.

Which area you visit in Alberta depends on what you want to do and the time of year you plan to go, but the list continues never ends. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Travel Alberta, 10555 — 104 Street, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 1B1.

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in a place not very far, not all that different
just enough. To enjoy a new experience
while feeling right at home.

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and we'll tell you all about us.

Travel Alberta
GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

SASKATCHEWAN

Whether you arrived in one of Saskatchewan's 14 provincial parks or the fourth largest of Canada's national parks, the secret is an total vacation enjoyment. The surroundings of the parks are as diverse as the facilities, and if you follow the Explorer's Highway to Prince Albert National Park, you can stop at three interesting historic sites along the way.

You first come to Battle Narrows Historic Park in which the church and cemetery, including a small graveyard with annual services of Mass, joined in the Battle of Battle, are all that remain today of the Red River rebellion of 1885. A visit here is well worthwhile just to hear the guide so convincingly relate history as you pass the wooden stations yet abounding exhibits in the small museum in the cemetery.

Go back on the highway, carry on to Duck Lake — as typical of prairie towns heading off the main roads today except for the grain elevators, colorful houses visible for miles. Next, drive east on one of Saskatchewan's many grid roads, for a short distance, to what was originally a native prairie location and is now a national historic park, a re-creation of the town of Duck Lake as it was in 1885.

In the same vicinity, you can visit Fort Carlton, an elaborate reconstruction fort consisting of the buildings, Hudson's Bay store, NCO's quarters, a guardhouse and a museum in which you'll learn the fascinating history of Fort Carlton. Then, continuing your journey, you pass at the above-mentioned beauty of the prairie. The fields of crops appear to be uniformly colored and carpeted — of light blue or white



Indian in native park

blue, bright yellow repose, mustard, barley and wheat.

Soon you're approaching a different kind of terrain, one of forests, crystalline lakes and open parkland. This is Prince Albert National Park where you'll enjoy a game of golf, hike through wilderness in Grey Owl's cabin on Lake Agassiz, or take a joyful cruise on a paddle-wheeler. At Wascana downtown, there's every accommodational facility you could want.

Paddle-wheeler on Lake Wascana



To the adventurous, however, the mighty Churchill River Series remains as much a challenge as it was to voyageurs 200 years ago. Experienced river-going enthusiasts who know your needs will make all the necessary arrangements for any one of some 40 different canoe trips. And fly-in fishing camps in Saskatchewan's rugged northern land used to be among the best in the world with the average Walleye catch of three to four pounds and enormous Northern pike the scale is in excess of 10 pounds.

However, if you're now ready for some city life, head back a little to visitively active and developing Saskatoon. A trip to the newest Western Development Museum should urge you visit to this city. For those who visit the museum, one of the most authentically reconstructed, indoor pioneer villages in Canada, you'll remember this unique experience. Aside from the pioneer village, there are two huge display areas containing the largest collection of antique cars and early liver machinery and equipment, in perfect running order, in Western Canada.

Plan to arrive in Regina in time to help celebrate Buffalo Days. This entertaining event officially gets under way on File-O-Bones Sunday, July 27, at which time you attend Western Canada's largest outdoor prairie. Saskatchewan Centre is the locale of File-O-Bones Sunday. Take the opportunity to explore this well-planned complex of government, educational and cultural buildings covering some 2,000 acres of parkland annually in the city centre.

Everyone knows Regina and the original home of the RCMP are synonymous. The exciting new visitors' bearing exhibit which portrays the exciting history of the RCMP serves only as a prelude, however. And if you're lucky, you'll still catch the Royal Canadian and Drill Parade at the RCMP Depot Division during the summer months. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Department of Tourism & Renewable Resources, P.O. Box 7105, Regina, Saskatchewan S4P 0B5.

Saskatchewan.

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More outdoors, too. Choose from plains, valleys, forested wilderness or parkland; all sprinkled with some of the cleanest lakes you've ever seen.

And since we have hundreds of really nice campgrounds all over the province; wherever you are, you'll be close to a good place to stay.



To find out more of what Saskatchewan has more of (more fishing, canoeing, western hospitality, museums and great things to do) just fill in the coupon. Tell us what you want.

We'll tell you the welcome differences you can expect.

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P.O. Box 7105, Regina, Saskatchewan, S4P 0B5

Saskatchewan

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MAN TOBA

If you're looking for a holiday destination and you love the outdoors, the bright lights of a modern skyline and a list of festivals to attend anytime of year, Manaus is hard to beat.

In this vast, varied land of more than 250,000 square miles containing over 100,000 lakes, sun-drenched lakes, you can follow every conceivable open-air pursuit. Accommodations range from fly-in camps in the rugged and rocky north, offering superb fishing to rustic resort areas within easy driving distance of Manitoba's capital city, Winnipeg.

Of all the provincial parks, the Whistler is the largest, best of its kind. The park, some 90 miles east of Whistrop, boasts a dozen rivers, 250 lakes and every recreational opportunity imaginable. Campers can choose from many excellent sites for tenting and trailers throughout the Whistler, some of which are fully serviced campervillage just walking distance of a modern shopping center. At the park's Falcon Lake, you'll find a complete resort town with hotel and motel accommodations and campgrounds.

*A blazing campfire provides
a source for the entire family.*

from Winnipeg, Riding Mountain National Park gaily rises from the gold-striped prairie to a lush green expanse, offering similar pastures, but in dramatically different surroundings. Here in the densely forested northwestern section of Manitoba, elevated roads can only be reached by boat or on foot. Along with this, modern-day visitors will find rustic accom-

If you stay in the park when the Ukrainian Festival takes place in Balaclava, July 11 to August 3, don't pass up the opportunity to leave your vacation headquarters and go to this event. At the sound of Balaclava, you know that you are witness to one of the best outdoor-indoor happenings today. There are interesting exhibits, cultural events and many kinds at which you can buy Ukrainian crafts including hand-decorated Easter eggs in intricate patterns and designs. Here the variety and restraint of the profession is best seen, as designs relate so lively, tastefully, against a backdrop of towering grass devon.

Van Gogh during August 2 to 4 and get caught up in the old-world atmosphere of a community which boasts many people of Hollandian descent than any other in the world, outside of Holland. The festival program includes such diversions as a fish derby, sailing displays, penitentiary jumping contests, sports car races, folk art variety shows and evening dances.

At present, no city in the world has more Mississippian culture than Winona. Stenbach's *Postage Dues*, August 1 to 4, presents a wonderful opportunity to get a firsthand look at a magnificently reconstructed village characteristic of Mississippian communities in Minnesota in the 1050s and 1060s.

If you plan a fall visit to the province, some 200 museums, galleries, restaurants, theaters and theaters, many flown directly from Germany, will be reviving at the annual Oktoberfest. Winnipeg, early October. However, Oktoberfest doesn't have to be a reason for visiting Winnipeg. These days, Winnipeg competes with Canada's other big cities when it comes to first-class accommodation, fine restaurants, better shopping and a multitude of activities.

As you stroll along the widespread oak savannas, you'll come to Crossroads

Centre, a 315-million-dollar complex, containing an excellent planetarium, one of the best concert halls in Canada, both acoustically and architecturally, an elegant theater and a well-stocked library. The Canadian Museum of Men and Women, just a few blocks away, features the famous Winnipeg Art Gallery houses fascinating collections of traditional and contemporary Canadian, American and European art — including the Twomey collection of Eskimo art, and to be the best of its kind in the world.

All festive visitors should cruise Lake Winnipeg around the M.B. and Selkirk II. Leaving the docks at Selkirk, your ship slips quietly past the wilderness setting of the Netley Marshes, makes a dramatic turn around the Whistlers and stops at several interesting port towns in northern Manitoba. You can also take a short day cruise on a riverboat out of Winnipeg to Selkirk to see the only remaining fort of the fur trade era still intact in North America, Louis Fort Garry.

If you plan your holiday to include the week of August 10 to 16, join in the *Festilorraine* celebrations in which some 50 ethnic groups display their cultures, costumes, crafts and food, in more than 30 pavilions throughout Winnipeg. It's a good way to start off your visit to Manitoba. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Manitoba Government Travel, 260 Vaughan Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 0P9.

Pretty girl in colorful costume dances to lively music at the Hibiscus Festival in Bonaire.



**This
summer,
remember the
Red River
Valley.**



This summer,
begin your vacation
in the Red River
Valley. See Winnipeg from
the water on one of our
four big riverboats.
Or cruise Lake Winnipeg on
a luxury liner.

Relax in a resort in our beautiful lake country. Explore tumbling hills and tranquil prairie scenes. Or join us in one of our 30 colourful festivals under clear blue skies and lots of sunshine.

Friendly Manitoba.

Convince me.

A morning on
the historic Red
River two minutes
from downtown
Winnipeg

ONTARIO



Ontario Place, a place to visit.

You'll soon be able to visit Ontario's capital city, Toronto, from an observation level just 765 feet from the top of the tallest free-standing structure in North America, the 1,035-foot-high CN Tower.

In the impressive setting below, sky-

scrapers jostle with each other for skyline space. The towering twin towers of City Hall, an overwhelmingly imaginative piece of civic design, protect Henry Moore's monumental bronze sculptures, The Archer. And there's the new Art Gallery of Ontario in which you'll observe, among other treasures, the largest collection of Henry Moore's work in the world.

In the southeastern section of the city, you'll find the futuristic \$36-million Ontario Science Centre, where you don't just look — you touch, listen, operate and make things happen — like simulate a moon landing, challenge a computer or see a laser beam burn through brick. Then further east, you come to Niagara-on-the-Lake, now officially known as Niagara, beautifully reflects Canada's past. Today, Niagara has been carefully restored into a charming town of colonial houses and shops, well-kept gardens, fairs and restaurants. This is also the home of the Canadian Music Theatre and the Shaw Festival each summer.

Drive west until you come to London,

an abounding green city with quiet streets and winding rivers. Take love London's Storybook Gardens, a thoroughly pleasant setting on the banks of the Thames River in Springfield Park.

From London, travel northward

for nearly a couple of months, or more, to fully enjoy Quebec and its "hospitalité." However, you may decide which part you want to visit before leaving home so that you use all very length of vacation.

Montreal, grand march attraction at the site of Expo '67, today, its permanent sequel, Man and His World, continues to lure thousands with many interesting exhibits. For restaurants and wide array of amusements. Moreover, Canada's largest city is again likely to be the focus of attention at this location of the Olympics in 1976.

At ground level, Montreal is filled with gaiety and laughter as people stroll the streets, stepping at a sidewalk cafe, residents eat chicken, good restaurants and suburbs. However, when you're anywhere in Quebec it's impossible to select the best restaurant in the food-conscious province. Montreal has a vast subterranean city in which you

can wander in air-conditioned comfort, through tunnels linking luxury hotels, restaurants, boutiques, cinemas, bars and subway stations and office buildings.

In historic Vieux Montréal, you search

many nooks and crannies of narrow streets, exploring restored old buildings, squares, monuments and the magnificent Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, the oldest (1772) church still standing on the city.

To escape any life, whether minutes of downtown Montreal, you reach the beginning of the Laurentian mountains. Over 150 resorts are located in the most attractive year-round vacationland. Or perhaps, you'd prefer to follow the north shore of the potassiac St. Lawrence to the capital city, Quebec, passing through Trois-Rivières — the world's largest newspaper center. En route to Quebec stay at the widely renowned Swiss of Sainte-Anne on the Baie-du-Febvre.

Once you reach Rivière-du-Loup, after take the ferry to St. Stephen on the north side of the St. Lawrence, or travel up to the northern tip of the Gaspé Peninsula to the charming communities of Gaspé and Percé.

For the Canadian National Exhibition, Ontario from Exhibition Park, from May to October, futuristic Ontario Place captures visitors in the Oceansphere, some high-split restaurants, a park, picnic grounds and the Children's Amusement Park. At the Forum, an open-air amphitheater that holds 10,000 people, entertainment varies from symphony concerts to rock shows.

Ontario's Niagara Falls receives more visitors than any other scenic attraction in North America. The Horseshoe Falls, an awesome sheet of water 136 feet high and 2,680 feet wide, plunges like an avalanche to the massive boulders below. In addition, Maidstone and Gorge Falls offers 75 acres of total family enjoyment. Nearby Niagara-on-the-Lake, now officially known as Niagara, beautifully reflects Canada's past. Today, Niagara has been carefully restored into a charming town of colonial houses and shops, well-kept gardens, fairs and restaurants. This is also the home of the Canadian Music Theatre and the Shaw Festival each summer.

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From London, travel northward

to Stratford, home of the beautifully costumed and ingeniously acted and staged Stratford Festival. "You can't stay at a couple's holiday resort, you'll just stay on resort." Or on the banks of the park, you can arrange an unforgettable canoeing trip at Algoma's Griffiths. Once in the park, you'll journey through miles of forests, countless lakes and streams.

Continue southward to Canada's capital city, Ottawa, enchanting because it includes the charm and contrast of the French and English-speaking

peoples of Canada. In the spring, 600,000 daffodils, half-million crocuses and three million tulips burst into bloom. And throughout the summer, there's the colorful changing of the Guard on Parliament Hill.

Ottawa has clusters of islands to cruise, the awesome Agawa Canyon and a popular lake side to the Arctic watershed. It's a special place for those who visit and for those who live here. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Ministry of Industry & Tourism, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario M7A 1T3.

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QUEBEC

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can wander in air-conditioned comfort, through tunnels linking luxury hotels, restaurants, boutiques, cinemas, bars and subway stations and office buildings.

In historic Vieux Montréal, you search many nooks and crannies of narrow streets, exploring restored old buildings, squares, monuments and the magnificent Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, the oldest (1772) church still standing on the city.

To escape any life, whether minutes of downtown Montreal, you reach the beginning of the Laurentian mountains. Over 150 resorts are located in the most attractive year-round vacationland. Or perhaps, you'd prefer to follow the north shore of the potassiac St. Lawrence to the capital city, Quebec, passing through Trois-Rivières — the world's largest newspaper center. En route to Quebec stay at the widely renowned Swiss of Sainte-Anne on the Baie-du-Febvre.

Once you reach Rivière-du-Loup, after take the ferry to St. Stephen on the north side of the St. Lawrence, or travel up to the northern tip of the Gaspé Peninsula to the charming communities of Gaspé and Percé.

Cruising on the Saguenay River.

If you cross the river, you'll encounter forested mountains and the number of beautiful Saguenay fjord carved through the very heart of Gaspésie Park. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Quebec Department of Tourism, Park and Games, 150 av. du Lac, St-Cyrille, Quebec, P.Q.

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N B

NEW BRUNSWICK

For those who don't know where to vacation this year, New Brunswick could well be the answer. Take Macleod Provincial Park, perfectly situated on the outskirts of Fredericton, this year-round resort land spans every recreation facility and activity one could want. For a moderate fee, campers can choose a site from 300, packers find space for 1,000, and golfers challenge an 18-hole championship course.

Some 20 miles above Miramichi on the Trans-Canada Highway, you come to Kings Landing Historical Settlement, built on 200 acres of parkland St. John Valley land. Kings Landing recreates a St. John River community of the 1790s to 1870s, complete with furnishings, tools, clothing, utensils and crops.

Stroll around the capital city, Fredericton — so quietly beautiful with its tall trees, gardens and the expansive St.

John River reflecting the entire scene. There's the Bessborough Art Gallery and the Legislative Library, just off a "Sugar Park" pathfully signposted a "Sugar Park." Seated on the outskirts of Fredericton, this year-round resort land spans every recreation facility and activity one could want. For a moderate fee, campers can choose a site from 300, packers find space for 1,000, and golfers challenge an 18-hole championship course.

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On the mainland, spend some time in St. Andrews. By the Sea, a delightful setting of winding country roads, stately cedar trees and boys and the stately Algonquin Hotel. St. Andrews golf course is one of the best. Aiquaque, curio, ship chandler and handicraft

shops sell excellent souvenirs at reasonable prices. In addition, there's one of five blockhouses built in the St. Andrews area during the War of 1812, which has been restored and declared a national historic site.

The city of Saint John's tourist population swells each year with the advent of Loyalty Days, a party-filled, five-day event. During this time, the entire city re-enacts the atmosphere of the 18th century, beginning with the re-enactment of the landing of the Loyalist Marquis de Beaufort. Should you happen to travel the Marquis, then a Loyalist Walkway. Toss of the day's coin, which you'll wear as a token of the few hours in the country when you can enjoy professional live theater throughout the summer months.

A rugged, beautiful seashore, easily accessible by ferry, lies off the south coast. New Brunswick's Fundy Islands, Bear, Grand Manan and Campobello afford some enviable scenery and an informal lifestyle, perfect for getting away from it all.

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PEI

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

is does PEI that follows the coasting for 25 miles, your problems are solved. Moreover, provincial and privately owned parks are nearby whenever you travel on the Island.

From here, continue on for a close-up look at the amazing Rocks at Hepworths. Created by the tides, uniquely shaped red limestone with bows and arrows pointing from the tides capture many a photographer.

Progressive Moncton is where you'll witness the famous Tidal Bore, another phenomenon of the Fundy tides. For the outdoors, there's Magrath Hill where your car actually climbs uphill without power. And if all these sand-hogging attractions are too much to conceive, there's always Sheldiac's turbulent beach just 17 miles away in which to lose or catch the annual Lobster Festival. Or Fort Beauséjour, a national historic park located at Aulac, depicts through cost and military relics the history of the surrounding area. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Tourism New Brunswick, P.O. Box 1010, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 5C3.

In PEI, accommodations range from home vacation, guest houses, cottages, hotels and resorts to luxury resorts. However, for many holidaymakers, their main objective is finding a place to pitch a tent or hook up a trailer. And when you've got a national park



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challenge 18 hole courses. One of the most popular golf courses is The Links or "Green Gables," located near Cavendish. This is the setting used by Lucy Maud Montgomery for her "Anne of Green Gables," and her farm home at the first one has been restored as a museum which visitors can tour.

N S

While Nova Scotia's spectacular seascapes and pictorial villages offer great scenic variety, there are equally captivating man-made attractions. When completed, the Fortress of Louisbourg, 12 miles from Sydney, will be one of the most remarkable of these.

Today, workers are busy reconstructing on its original site part of Louvain by the period immediately before the 1745 siege. Historians have combed through archives and collections in France, Britain, Canada and the USA for every available document they reference to Louvain. Eventually, there will be 40 to 50 buildings and a series of extensive defenses. Those already completed include the ingot King's Barracks and Barns which

houses pictures notice furnishings covering four important periods — Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Regence and Louis XV. Also houses around the King's Bastion, gatehouses and stables, engineer's house, sea house, deGuanza House, a typical house lived in by a captain of the marine garrison, and Rodriguez House offering a Cape Section display.

an peninsula at the Queen's Head. Then skirt the waters' edge as you climb the road to the Queen's Head Inn.

Highlands National Park. And on weekends, stop to golf, scuba dive or have a beach barbecue, or, call at the Micmac community of Cheticamp where you'll watch artisans bottling trout. *—Gwen G. Green, Gloucester, and Edith G. Green, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia*

From the Casino Crossway and follow the coast road along Route 7, and on your way, you'll come to Shubenacadie Village, now being restored to the way it appeared in the 19th century. If you keep on the Trans-Canada and arrive in St. John's, Newfoundland, from July to mid-August, you'll help celebrate their centennial as incorporated.

When you reach Halifax, you find good hotels, restaurants, nightclubs and most varied shopping mall. But all these are now located on the 16-eleven-storey restoration project involving the renovation of a large number of 19th-century waterfront buildings. In July and August, take a free-boat cruise on the Harbour. It will be worth it at Pierrot's Wharf, at the foot of that famous staircase.

To get a panorama of the harbor and surrounding area, go up to the Citadel. The ancient fortress from which a shot has never been fired is a great place for history buffs as they can view displays in three museums depicting Nova Scotia's past.

Traversing the south shore out of Halifax, you come to the causeway leading to Oak Island Ferry, giving access to fascinating tea-smoking activities on the island. Then farther on, you reach the quaintly beautiful fishing villages, Lunenburg and Blue Rocks. Should you make the western tip of the province, Yarmouth hosts Tuna Festival Week during August 23.

If you decide to journey along the Evangelist Trail, you'll discover the community of Giaad Pk celebrating the 100th anniversary of its founding by French immigrants. The Amnicon Valley Apple Blossom Festival, May 30 to June 2, commences festivities

Continue on to Digby and catch a ferry to Saint John but stop off at Port Royal, a great 17th-century garrisoned trading post fully re-created on the same site where Champlain built his first fort in 1605. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Department of Tourism, Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2M2.



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NFLD

NEWFOUNDLAND

Mountains Newfoundland and a visitor remembers hundreds of postcard villages resting in the coves and bays, the strikingly scenic west coast and some of the finest people in the world.

Until you arrive, you don't realize just how much this province has to offer or how easy it is to reach. For example, a car and passenger ferry crosses four to six times daily during the summer months between North Sydney and Port-aux-Basques, on the west coast. There are these round trips weekly between North Sydney and Argentia, the equally appealing Arctic Peninsula of eastern Newfoundland. At shredded anchor, you can land at one of six air terminals scattered across the province.

Journeying along the Trans-Canada Highway from Pan-Canadian, you witness the diversity of Newfoundland's physiography — from densely forested foothills glistening over valleys to snow-capped mountain peaks and desolate village and coves.

Come Brook, where you can request a tour of the world's largest suspended pulley and cable mill, presents one of the prettiest settings in all Canada. In fact, a photographer here will become fired trying to capture the beauty of this progressive city and its surroundings.

To the north, bei Bonne Bay where some people compare to parts of Norway. It can easily be reached by road but be prepared to travel on a gravel surface. Also, it's a good idea to fill up with gas before you leave the main highway. But don't miss taking a fancy ride across the bay and using this spectacular area up close.

If you're the adventurous type, continue on from here to the first of two historic sites on the Northern Peninsula route. At Port au Choix, an Interpretive Centre houses displays and artifacts documenting the ancient diversity of an Indian burial site estimated to be over 4,000 years old. L'Anse aux Meadows, at the extreme northern tip of the peninsula, is the site of a Viking village at the time of Norse viking invasions before Columbus. Wooden shingles have been erected to protect shallow excavations tracing the outlines of the various buildings con-

sisted hundreds of years ago.

Should you decide to drive across Newfoundland from Carbonear, be sure to stop at Sir Richard Square's Memorial Park where you and the children will delight at the sight of salmon leaping at Big Falls. That park is only one of 46 attractive provincial parks offering some 1400 campsites and 1100 picnics sites. And on route to the east coast, the Gander Air Terminal is well worth a visit for it houses an interesting museum with exhibits relating to the history of transatlantic aviation.

Once on the east coast, make your base here the wilderness of Terra Nova National Park with hundreds of additional camping, picnic and recreational facilities or a first-class hotel in St. John's, the capital city.

St. John's, one of the oldest communities in North America, is rich in history. From its most popular historic site, St. Paul's HR, you get an splendid panorama of this entire setting which includes a busy harbor and distinctive city buildings here, you watch shifts of ships and boats, many visitors chartering the numerous. You can see the city's Victorian architecture new and carefully.

Newfoundland's postcard fishing communities capture photographers.

blended with contemporary structures.

Cabot Tower crowns Signal Hill. Today, the tower houses a graphic exhibit of early signaling devices, some of which are similar to those used by Marconi when he received the first transatlantic wireless signal from England in 1901. In an Interpretive Centre nearby, an absorbing light and sound presentation depicts the fascinating history of Newfoundland. During the latter part of July and most of August, you catch an added attraction here, the Signal Hill Military Tattoo performed afternoons and evenings for four days at the week.

Travelling Newfoundland, try to get off the main highway every once in a while and take the side roads to various parklike peninsulas and bays. You'll find roadside stops and picnic areas at the ends. And, if you're not too far from the water, you'll find a great variety of life apart from the winter. For those who enjoy fishing, arrangements are made to charter a boat at Long Pond or Holyrood and catch a bluefin tuna in Conception Bay, one of the two major tuna fishing areas, or the other being Port Diana Bay in north-central Newfoundland.

The Labrador portion of the province is notably of interest to those who seek freshwater fly-in fishing camps. Thousands of square miles of virgin forests and lakes, accessible only by float plane, make possible a vacation hereina like no other. To obtain more information on Newfoundland and Labrador, see your travel agent or write Department of Tourism, Confederation Building, St. John's, Newfoundland.



NWT

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

There's nothing fancy about the Northwest Territories, but if you're adventurous and seeking outdoor adventure, you're in for the holiday of a lifetime. Nonstop flights connecting through Edmonton make larger centers in the NWT more easily accessible. Once there, you'll encounter no problem in chartering aircraft to much isolated but fascinating Arctic communities or perhaps 60 stops where you can fish virgin lakes. Maybe you'd prefer to conquer the challenging roads, which are a gravel, all-weather surface but dusty and rough, leading north. This can be done, only remember to keep your gas tank full and an extra ration in your car as service stations are infrequent along the way. Rent stops range from basic and rustic accommodations to campgrounds and prime sites.

From Bush Pilots Memorial situated on an elevated piece of ground in Yellowknife, the capital, you'll get a good perspective of the city and the surrounding area. Then drive on to the east of the city, then driving off at the Great Yellowknife Mine where you can actually witness to be taken underground or perhaps see the pouring of a gold bar. Downtown Yellowknife appears surprisingly active and it's surprisingly warm. There are modern shops with magnificent shopfronts and many caravans, new office buildings and hotels, reflecting all the conveniences one wouldn't expect to receive so far north. Stop off at the golf course you've heard so much about when you can play your game at midnight in June and July, when daylight has a continuous 24 hours.

It's well worth your time to visit the largest of the Eskimo communities, Inuvik, right in the Arctic Circle. There's a good hotel here and a couple of restaurants. Before you leave Inuvik, perhaps a sealskin coat or a fine quality parka, at an incredibly low price.

While there are many interesting populated centers dotted in the Northwest Territories, such as Aklavik, Coppermine, Fort Simpson, Hay River, Fort Smith and Rankin Inlet, to name a few, Tuktoyaktuk — a small Eskimo community located on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, shouldn't be missed. Arrive to charter an aircraft in Inuvik, within half an hour, you get to the northwestern isolated settlement

on the mainland. As you fly to "Tuk," you'll view the famous tundra country with vegetation limited to such high mosses, grasses and Labrador Tea and ice plants, grow frost boils.

Visitors to the Northwest Territories should want to get away from it all, like as an ecology kick — or to see a bird nesting area you won't see anywhere else. If you decide to take along the entire family, do so because you want to explore nature at its best, to experience a way of life you don't really believe exists. You can fly in to one of the many fishing camps, take a canoe trip on the great Mackenzie River, or stalk walrus or polar bear with a camera.

To get to Baffin Island, Canada's largest island, via Frobisher Bay at your transfer point. On the Island,



Mountains on Arctic coast at Franklin Point, N.W.T.

mountains tower 9,000 feet and spectacular ice fields and glacier glisten in the sun. Perhaps you'd like to arrange a climbing expedition. To obtain more information see your travel agent or write Tourism, Division of the Northwest Territories, Yellowknife, N.W.T. X0B 1H0.

YT

YUKON TERRITORY

Today, driving from the airport into Dawson City, various signs of wealth stacked on either side of the road from gold dredges along the Klondike River to long back reservoirs of the greatest gold rush in modern history. As you approach your modern hotel, you will help those over this city's colorful past. Ranchland houses still stand as if nothing existed, only now they are peacefully covered by overgrown grass and trees. And you pass the actual cabin of Jack London and Robert Service.

Other points of Dawson include the old courthouse, 55 St. Kean, sitting on the banks of the Yukon River, the Dawson Hardware Museum and the Shaw Mining Museum where you'll see one of the first everland dredges used in North America. At the historically appointed Palace Grand Theatre, attractive girls in costumes conduct day shows, and at night, you enjoy melodramas or a Victorian variety show. Around the corner and down the boardwalk is Diamond Tooth Gertie's, Canada's only legitimate gambling hall.

While the city of Whitehorse contrasts greatly in appearance, it too is

the renamed "Yukon Gold" during the summer months. In the prospering city of the far North, you'll find top class accommodations, good restaurants, fine quality shops and some spectacular scenery, and it's no wonder Whitehorse welcomes some 100,000 visitors a year.

Kluane National Park, located in the southwestern corner of the Yukon Territory, boasts Canada's highest mountains, most dramatic ice fields and some of North America's finest wildlife populations. Most of the lakes and streams in the park contain Arctic Grayling, Lake Trout and Northern Dace. Despite the fact that the park will eventually be accessible by road, at the present time, you must charter an aircraft. To obtain more information, see your travel agent or write Yukon House, 563 Hastings Street, Vancouver, British Columbia, V6C 2E9.

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NEWFOUNDLAND

MAY-10-OCTOBER CONCEPTION BAY
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JUNES-1-OCTOBER ST. JOHNS
International Folk Festival

JUNE CLARENVILLE
Trade Fair

JULY 1-27 JOHNS
Summer Festival of the Arts

JULY-AUGUST HUNTER IN GRACE
Plaistow Fair & Art Festival

JULY-1-20 ST. JOHNS
St. John's International Jazz Festival

AUGUST ST. JOHNS
Folk Fest

AUGUST PORT-AU-BASQUES
Bruce Army Fair

SEPTEMBER HARBOUR GRACE
Ferry Corporation Fair

PEACE TERRITORIES

JULY-AUGUST CHARLOTTETOWN
Summer Festival/Festival Internationale, Amis du Queen
Garden

JULY 16-26 SUMMERTIME
Leroy-Carbone

JULY PEACE

International Festival

JULY 18-AUGUST 4 UPLAND
Pebble Blossom Festival, Medway

AUGUST 8 FLORON

Highland Games

AUGUST 8-16 GHUL GIFFEYFON
Dad's Day Out, 1000 Islands and County Days, Livestock
Shows, harness racing, rodeo, Cheaterman's Fair
Golf/Cap 5, Suau's Parade

AUGUST 23-31 ALBERTON
Fraser County 4-H, Venetian Shows & Festival

AUGUST 25-31 ALBERTON
Alberton 4-H, 4-H Fair

LATE AUGUST CARAPOOL
Carapool Fair

SEPTEMBER

JUNE 26-JULY 1 KENTVILLE
Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival, Commemorating the 300th anniversary of the founding of Kentville

JULY 8-12 FESTIVAL

JULY 13-15 ANTICRESH
Highland Games

JULY 19-26 MECOMBE
Alberton Fair, 4-H Fair

JULY 19-26 WOLFEVILLE
Thousand Islands International Jazz Festival

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AUGUST 8-9, ST. JEAN'S

Newfoundland Music Mod
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Traditional Canadian Ceremonies

AUGUST 16-19 JUHLA LUTAK
Newfoundland Folk Fest of the Arts

AUGUST 24-25 ST. J. P. MARSHALL AREA
Tyke Pre-Kinders

SEPTEMBER 16-20 LORNEVILLE
Loraine Valley Fireworks Extravaganza and Pumpernickel's
Festival

OCTOBER 4-11 HALIFAX
Just Right Music Festival

MONTREAL

MAY 25-26 MONTREAL

Annual Montreal Jazz Festival

JUNES 27-29 MONTRÉAL

Canadian Open Gymnastics Championships

JULY 4-10 MONTREAL

Montreal International Jazz Festival

JULY 14-21 MONTREAL

Montreal Jazz Festival

JULY 21-23 MONTREAL

Montreal International Jazz Festival

JULY 28-29 MONTREAL

We rounded the bend,
and the river's roar became thunder in our ears
as the white water of the Chilcotin picked up the
raft and hurled it into a narrow channel between
cliffs that must have been half-a-mile high.



It was our first
rapids on our White
Water Rafting expedition
down the Chilcotin from Williams Lake in
BC. I think we were all
a little shaken. But later
around the campfire
with steaks sizzling and
sleeping bags waiting,
we had to admit that
the boatmen really
knew their job.

The wildlife we saw, the trail rides, the river
itself, it was quite a trip. Why would anyone
settle for a vacation when you can set out
on an adventure like that?

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MOVE OVER, COLUMBUS

If the Ogham stone is legitimate, the Irish discovered America
1,000 years before you did

By NOEL MOORE

It didn't look like much: a stone about the size of a Volkswagen, weighing perhaps nine tons, firmly embedded half way up a steep slope in a wild and desolate area on the northern tip of Newfoundland. But on the rock face was inscribed, and under the layer of lichen, was a network of intersecting lines (proto-alphabets) and a peak, perhaps as in Canadian history we didn't even know we had. I say perhaps because we are dealing here with archaeology as exact science, wary of biases (archaeologists have been using before) and adhered to the dictum of *extra-proof*. The Ogham stone, as it is called, is not yet *extra-proof*.

But if the evidence as that more is accepted, it will push back the boundaries of our recorded history another 500 years. It will suggest that men as the ancient myths proclaimed North America was first visited by Europeans can — as the old history books used to tell us — when Christopher Columbus sailed into the Caribbean in 1492 and thought he had discovered India. He had not, and most recent texts say he is wrong.

In the Viking Longship wasward from their Norse homelands some 400 years earlier — but by wayfaring Irish monks, who set up this place in the middle of the first millennium after Christ, on a spot not 20 miles from where Viking buildings would be raised on or before later.

The man in the centre of the mystery and the constituency surrounding the Ogham stone is Dr. Robert McClellan, an archaeology professor from Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland. He is understandably cautious in discussing his find. He does not claim to have discovered proof of the presence of Irish monks in Newfoundland. He does not claim anything, he merely says, "I found what I did." And what he sees is this astonishing rock, covered with a script that bears no relationship to Indian rock carvings nor even to the native writing of the Vikings. It appears that it may be a script known as Ogham which is the ancient written alphabet of the Druids. Ogham script supposedly went out of use when Ireland was converted to Christianity in the 6th century A.D. Monks of that era presumably continued to use Ogham themselves, would certainly have been familiar with the strange writing.

Today the very mention of the word Druid makes the back-

ies of scuttles and diarrhoea abit. According to the histories approved by the church, the Druids were a gang of bloodthirsty pagan druids, medicine men who sacrificed human victims on stone slabs, ripped out their hearts with their knives and kept the people of the British Isles and the Celts in fear of their barbaric and Christianity in contempt and derision.

But most of what we know about the Druids comes from Greek and Roman sources, most notably Julius Caesar and Posidonius, a Greek writer-philosopher. One of the reasons Caesar invaded Britain was to wipe out the religion, but he and his successors were stopped at the approaches to the Scottish highlands. No Roman legions ever dared land in Ireland, the real centre of the Druid religion and culture.

So what had been forgotten about the Druids is the view of their enemy, in recent years scholars suspicious of these horrendous accounts have begun to re-examine the evidence, and they have come up some surprises. Clement of Alexandria, writing in the 3rd century A.D., refers to the great library of Alexandria before the Romans burned it, writes that for four centuries it was the Druids who taught geometry, philosophy and exorcism to the Gauls. Pythagoras claimed that the Druids of Gaul were the most men in the world.

Ironically, as it sometimes the case with great discoveries, McClellan's controversial find of the carved stone came almost as an afterthought.

He and another arch-seafarer, James Tuck, had been making field trips to record the diversity of marsh or wetland flora and fauna in Newfoundland. It was autumn, but of course any archaeological significance and their estimates that it dated from the 12th or 13th centuries. Monks worked in from the Atlantic, and the cries of seabirds mingled with the sound of waves breaking at the rocks as they settled to leave. It had been a long walk to the nearest town on the northern tip of the island, about 15 miles south and west of Fortune Bay. Meidow, they would be good to roll it a day.

Then came Lloyd Dicker, a local fisherman who was as familiar to the Viking settlement discovered by Helge Ing-



Noel Moore is an Irish writer and prize-winning film producer.

When Professor David Kelley was shown the writing on the rock, he had no hesitation in identifying it as ancient Druid script

start in 1960, seemed disinterested when McGehee and Tusk announced their opinion.

"Would you like to see the rock with the writing on it?" he asked. The scientist politely quibbled that he didn't really know what it was. "They say it's seriously weird. And that is how the storage project made it through the stages of the planning, engineering and

"The best we can ascertain is to say script generally discovered in North America," McGehee told me later. "It wasn't the native writing of the Vikings and it wasn't at all unusual to include rock carvings." It was a hunch, then, when he was old enough to believe. The scratchy mark that grows on rocks — is unique and can therefore be dated. He sent a sample away and the came back, the letter he wrote was a reiteration of "100 to 200 years old. Since it covered the same script that the script was at least that old. If a was a hunch, it was perpetuated in the late 1960s or later by someone in a remote part of the island with a working knowledge at a script that hadn't been used since the fifth century. By coincidence, when McGehee made his find he was carrying a copy of Robert Graves' *The White Goddess* and the similarities between the carvings on the rock and the Ogham code reproduced in Graves' book about British legends got him interested.

McGehee photographed the stones and sent a copy to his teacher David Kelley of the University of California. Kelley's original conclusion was that the markings came from South America, but this has led him to a study of various world cultures and writing systems and when he saw the markings on the rock McGehee and Tusk had found he had no hesitation in identifying them as Ogham.

McGehee sent copies of the markings to other experts in Europe, but they had

hesitation and refused to say anything beyond a noncommittal "interesting" or "intriguing."

So much for the hard scientific evidence. But there is much more to the story. For version one, that North Celtic mythology, which links the islands and胎 in the Celts of the myths and legends of the Celts and Greeks, Indians and Latins point to this contrast as the胎 in the land far to the west, where St. Brendan the Navigator made his landfall nearly 1,300 years ago.

Brendan is one of the great saints of Ireland, ranking slightly below St. Patrick. He was born in 484 A.D. in the village of Pent, and there is an Ogham stone at the nearby church of Kilmallock. The abbey he founded in Clonfert, which was a sort of monastery for Brethren, the Inghean Aodha (Angels of God) before he converted them to Christianity, was also marked with an Ogham stone.

Brendan was more than 70 when he set sail on his epic voyage, according to the *Venerable St. Brendan's Abbot*, an early 11th-century manuscript. He sailed 14 months to accompany his son and they had a very light little vessel and sailed with a single mast and a sail and with only a rudder and a oar. If you remember, earlier, you have a perfect description of the carriage, a boat still used by fishermen on the west coast of Ireland.

The Sagas tell a great adventure story. On one island the party meets a devil, then they had to go an island of sheep. Other islands are inhabited by bird demons and other exotic forms. Eventually they reach the region "where the sea sleeps" and "where the cold is unbearable." They are pursued by a fire breathing dragon, but they escape and then they are an enormous glistening

palace of pure crystal floating on the sea. They pass an island of fire and smoke and finally they reach a land where they enter a holy mountain with feathered

There are many other legends and stories of islands that exist today along the northern coast from Scotland to Iceland. The island of sheep sounds like the Faeries, which have a native breed of sheep, the island of smoke and fire could well be Iceland. The script palae is nothing. Archaeological excavations have proved that the Irish settlers were established in the Hebrides from Brendan's time on, in the Orkneys and Shetlands from 570 A.D. and later they moved west ahead of the following Vikings. They were in Iceland before the Vikings who found when they arrived church furniture that the unmarked paper had left behind.

Nobody knows where the vanished Irish sailing were, but the oldest saga of all concerning the voyage of St. Brendan gives a clue. "An was driven across the sea by heavy gales to Hibernia mainland where by some mis-take Grail he and the Vikings had in the year 870. St. Brendan the Good, An could not escape thence and was buried there. This was told by Hythrelod who had been a maid in the court of King Lear (Lamont) in Ireland."

So there you have it. The Irish account and the Viking account and in L'Anse aux Meadows you have Dr. Graves' Viking settlement and not far away you have a rock with script carved on it that may be Ogham.

If you take a globe, with the meridians clearly marked, and place a line halfway between the 51st and 52nd degrees of north latitude, it will pass through all the ancient places of Druidic mythology. The line will pass with the Dingle Peninsula in Ireland, where Brendan started his journey, it will pass through Skomer Island, Andvord and half a dozen other famous sites. If you continue that line across the Atlantic it will pass somewhere between L'Anse aux Meadows and the Ogham stone.

Until the most recent times the legends of Brendan's voyage have been dismissed by most as little but tall tales — laughingly beautiful stories of forgotten events that never took place. The evidence has been scoffed, ignored, the tales as though they were Atlantis. Show concern, evidence they have had, and then we'll reassess the myth.

Perhaps that is what McGehee's discovery has done for there appears to be no other explanation. □



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THE 1,001 DELIGHTS OF CANADA'S BEST RESTAURANT

If you go to *La Sapinière*, take a doggy bag
BY JUDYLAINÉ FINE

My search for culinary misery is over. I have had a pain in the gut for a year. I have been reviewing restaurants in Canada and in all that time I have found only glimmers of perfection, a tiny morsel that must consist of a single, a tiny dining room such as the Georgia in Vancouver that buys great beef and prepares it in the same condition. At the worst of times, I've raged on unpalatable messes of heartburning, stomach-disrupting slop.

I have dined at restaurants that deserve the greatest respect. Toronto's United Baker's has one cook who can singlehandedly serve up 35 orders of scrambled eggs that are the mirror of the regular. *Sunday brunch*, *Albert Schmitz*, *Montreal*, *Blond Rameau*, *Edmonton*, *La Sapinière*, *Montreal* for lending me a place that no one else can do each year, surely as achievement in itself, and all of his meals are at the very least potable. But I've always wanted more than that, when recognizing that running a restaurant is no easy business. I still want great food, superbly served. Finally, after all the many dinners where the performance by *flambeurs*, *cooking* waiters was more palishing than the quality of their food, I threw up my hands and decided to get some advice from the press.

Most of Canada's gourmets live in Quebec, the one province that can boast its own cuisine with its own name. The gastronomes I consulted there, from such as Gérard Delage (co-creator of *l'Américaine* des *Marchés du Québec*) and Henri Paul Gouzer (co-father of *L'Assiette*), were unwilling to comment themselves on the name of the single best restaurant in Canada. Several names popped up: *The Ritz* (Montreal), *Chesapeake* (Montreal), *Le Stéphane* (Montreal). But one was about mentioned — *La Sapinière*, a country

inn at Val-David, Quebec.

I made reservations for a Sunday night, then, according to the strict data of restaurant critics, I showed up unannounced on Saturday.

La Sapinière is in the heart of the Laurentians. It is large, almost majestic, built of sandblasted stone and spruce. And yet somehow it blends amazingly with the landscape. The original 15-room innbrogie was put up in 1933 and less than a year had been deleted for it from the valley's sparseness. Now, 40 years later, *La Sapinière*, though 56 rooms large, still presents a bocage, or Only man need for construction of the old man have been cut down others moved to make way for the new wings.

The dining room seats 150 at tables set with Georgian silver and unadorned crystal. Each table has its own candle and a single red carnation in a silver vase — the only hint of colour in an elegant but muted room. Ten waiters and four wine steward were quickly and efficiently going about their business. And unless you were cooking you'd notice there wasn't one in the room. It remembered, like time several years ago when, at a Toronto restaurant, a waiter and I exchanged for the wine bottle simultaneously, the wine ended up in my lap! At *La Sapinière* my glass was never empty. And by divine will, it was always half full of the white, woody, nutty wine *Alsatian* wine from *La Sapinière's* own vineyard.

In months that have the option "in them I always want with my dinner" there's a half dozen choices now! Many critics insist that new systems, simply opened and folded onto a plate, are no way to judge a kitchen's merit. But those gowns had better arrive in an hour before I'm seated at my table, or else my order comes by phone for a box, a dozen miles or so through the woods during the slow hours of the afternoon and serve them in the evening at mere



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• FINITE MODELS OF THE SPHERE

I didn't want to spoil the still life by doing something so trivial as eating it

the durable, that price with a blob of hot sauce. I liked their organization and a love of that fish to have there prepared as a man's man. And there's a vast difference between man-temperature, fish tasting, belly-snapping, mawless and my opinion that most men fit into. I was a dozen other men fit and then, with the addition last of caly corners, up, down your throat leaving halibut, a smattering of Atlantic herring. I love a good meal at low density, both taste the same, endings, rarely making a sound. Something I'd been was definitely going on behind these doors, but I was too busy to notice.

swinging chicken wings, and the frog legs?" legal Prevezugian snorted snootily. Then he turned around and scolded her like a mother: "A dozen greenbacks this? I was thinking with the author-than-chicken size of mister green frog?" Up to this I had never thought of presenting them as a dazzling meal experience. I wasn't quite sure that I wanted to spoil the skill life by doing something so trivial as eating them. One has to eat them in that. Who set you at it? At sitting betwixt derly-breasted greenbacks, whose saffron awes were given for recognition with just a hint of contempt, you eat every one. You never hear an as soon as you eat that it's to the bone and then you pick up the next one.

Stanislav was now seated at a table of wood and good feeding. He asked me if I'd like to see the kitchen.

While I was looking around, he assured me on several occasions and poetry besides (I let go) that the kitchens are like small nation. If you try to run them as democracies, 20 countries with as many as is there the control ends in cook, and he playing roles that don't harmonize. They can be whipped into shape by a berserk slave driver, but then we can see the chef will have the key to success and God help him if, for one moment, he doesn't control. Or, as was evident here, a kitchen can be ruled benevolently by a chef who sold up his last cent and dug in with his staff as teacher, mentor and friend. The staff will re-

Stated, with a wince-venger and ad chassing served. Very crisp. Crispy bread is full of chense, a not-quite ratasy Brie, and cresses sprouts. The yeast is an orange, freshly strained and bough-toasted with burning orange breadly or paperyish fresh pastries, is the intent of all raison.

On Sunday at noon I contrived myself to the manager, Philippe Bellicose and there landed on half a cold, steamed lobster with a housemade mayonnaise and garnished with what any chef would be proud to put on a plate—the first fragility of spring in the middle of the fat regality of summer. Grilled chicken, salmon, bass and scalloped beans. Across the table, my friend, who always eats small lunches after treating the previous night, was showing to what is that English expression—I go away and come to. The balloon is what is so difficult, my still more strenuous he having won the new life they are to be happy and yet one cannot ask so much from those who are learning. Once they have learned they will leave. Don't, my sweetie, will go some day when he is offered a position as chef—just as I left the Tremblant Club to come here. What would you like for dinner though?"

anano (ingots of bath and living water) were presented. At the end of the meal, Meir Kreis stood and that he had been allowed to wash his feet. He said that everyone that — the first boy of privilege — he organized an initiative to wash the feet of "Meir Kreis would be honored in you."

A chef happened to meet me. 'The one who [[loves us]] – Charles Baudelaire' white wine' and 'cider de cassis' drink at Jardins. He uses soft and soft no

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The Tourist's Guide To The Prince



A world of its own

A week ago when I was staying at The Prince Hotel it could be a complete mystery to most. The atmosphere and atmosphere, the excitement, the adventure and excitement, were people who live in a world often spent weekends at The Prince.

So when your world becomes a little too much for you, come and spend a week at The Prince.

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The world has better sturgeon but how many restaurants bother to smoke it themselves?

air of confidence unusual for a man in his early thirties. And he sold me on *Le Sapeur* with a smile.

"Forty years ago, during the Depression, Léonardin Deferre, the Mayor of Val-David, built *Le Sapeur* to create jobs for the people of the town. The hotel expanded every year and eventually it grew to what it is today. In 1957, when Léonardin's son, Jean Louis, was 25, he opened the bistro and when the father retired, he became the owner. Now Jean Louis is 62, but he has no son."

He has no son, the words reminded I thought of all the possibilities. Howard Johnson's, Whataburger, Showboat, Who else could afford to buy *Le Sapeur* when the time came? And who else could do a better job of destroying its dignified grand tone?

I sat down to dinner at 8 p.m., the time without a doubt. With no icy bottle of Dopti Scheerenberg 1970, a tangy, slightly fruity white wine from Alsace, came two glasses of mangold *Le Sapeur*, home-made (homemade) sauerkraut at the same time as the chef served his. I suppose for a year the world will have to return to other, but how many restaurants bother to jingle or chime? That you cannot put a price on.

Tender as smoked salmon but less moist and more fatty. The smoky perfume was slightly stronger than the taste but both were remarkable.

Then the *plat de châtaigne*. A perfectly rare, pink fillet of beef surrounded by garden-fresh vegetables — sliced carrots, whole mushrooms, potato mousse, mashed potato garnished with egg yolks, piled in a tiny Bovariste — and served with a sauce of sour cream, butter, cream and onions high with the taste of caramelized leeks and caramelized leeks — very tart. Until then the expression "you can't eat with a fork" had been only a metaphor for what beef could be. I didn't touch my knife for the remainder of the meal.

Finally, a ripe Camembert and a cap of strong black coffee. I went into the kitchen to thank Chef Koen. It was after 11 p.m. and he had just left. Several waiters were still cleaning up and polishing trays for the general dinner that was to be held the following night. *Le Club des Fourrassiers de la Bresse* Toby had commenced. *Le Sapeur* for their renowned dinner I was invited to join them.

The next morning I headed for the kitchen. Koen had me outlined in a white chef's coat and gave me free rein to explore. John Tepfer, a restaurateur, was confidence unusual for a man in his early thirties. And he sold me on *Le Sapeur* with a smile.



was opening 200 systems in the back of the kitchen near the freezer. He handed me a knife and set me to struggling with three steaks. I sat there, pagina optima, and the chef, very slowly, cut the other, then let it rest for a least at least one finger nail. Koen came by and Koen only showed me how to insert the knife and separate the fish from its shell. He looked tired but eaten, because the present dinner there were still more than 200 meals to prepare that night for parts of the hotel.

"I enjoy these dinners," he told me, looking at the huge pile of steaks. "They are a challenge and a chance to get away from the routine. But they are time consuming, sometimes it is enough just to go on — sometimes it is just as good as today. It never stops."

A chef is at the mercy of time, once a steaks is begun there is no turning back, no room for error, no chance for even minor correction.

"After the last song there will be a speech, it is a great moment for a chef to make his speech. But by now, I am not. I am tired. I know exactly what it has been done right. The salmon I used to enter and that I now judge, the awards — really they are for the younger chefs who used a scientist, a bit of acrobatics. Some where in Canada there is a superb cook who will never become known to the public. Those who have been written about are not the only gastronomes. What's greatest anyway?"

An egg seasoned loosely? A side of beef tasting over hot coals? A slice of wheat chaf's meat and give me free rein to explore. John Tepfer, a restaurateur,

is a man in his early thirties. And he sold me on *Le Sapeur* with a smile.

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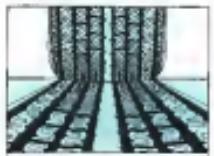
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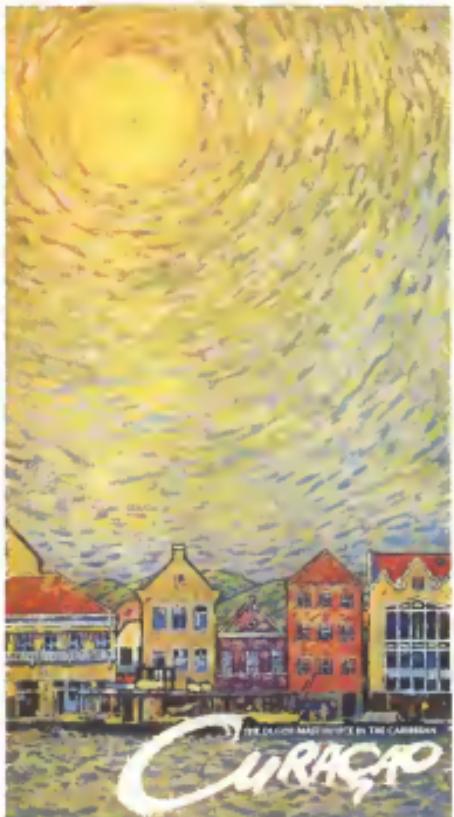
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Oysters and wine can be great cuisine

right people can be great cuisine. The other night my daughter bought fresh bread, good sausage and baked them together for dinner. A delicious sandwich with a glass of red wine. The ingredients were fresh and she cooked them with care, it was great cuisine.

"You see, I grew up in Steinsberg, in the Alsace region, during the German annexation. We had no money to buy food. We had a vegetable garden in the back and grape in the vineyard. My mother made plain - a word like oh, no beans but four grams - and I watched her and learned. The house is where a taste for good food starts. Before, but today the world moves so quickly. No one has time, people sleep on the run.

"One day when I was a kid, a boat hit the Stromberg dam. All of us playing by the river ran home to get rubber boots. Not to repair the dam but to catch the fish that were jumping in the mud. Food was the most important part of our lives."

Krebs wanted to be a forester, but his father, concerned in his son's security, convinced him to enroll in local school "Gymnasium". He told Marvel, "Then later on if you want you can still have your farms."

In 1955 Marvel came to Canada on a working vacation and got a job in the Adirondack at the Chateaugay Lodge as cook. "Then I had both - my forests and food. I have the best here."

"I married a Ste. Adèle, started a family and wanted to settle down. I worked at the Chateaugay, Hotel Belair, the La Gouverneur Club and then as head chef at Cottier Tremblant Club. Fifteen years ago I came here, the decision was whether to be an administrator who never touches the food or an integral part of the preparation. The work here may be hard but I have the added satisfaction of being a part of the cuisine."

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"Gastronomes respect food and prepare it in Canada. But a bon appetit more people - in some ways they are even more important to me, they only get the chance to sample good cuisine once in a while. Sometimes I get letters of thanks and they are even more pleased than the applause from a chef."

Thus great names would be applause. And in September our son and I in Le Somptueux, 25-Second St., will offer for a year and a tasting. Eighteen steaks and bottlings including a Chateaubriand d'Yquem '79, the old to drink but inter-

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And then came Coupe Nougatine — homemade vanilla ice cream full of caramelized almonds which crunched between my teeth

coming to pass of a collection, and 30 new cases of Béchamel laid down in mature. Béchamel samples were served, and the aujourn 1 and aujourn 2, baked by then on a bed of Béchamel, caramelized, powdered pistachio — *Les Meilleurs Bœufs de la Ville*. With the aujourn, a glass of dry white Alsatian Gewürztraminer 1975, a beautiful wine that makes one more

after it is swallowed than while it is held in the mouth.

According to the strict rules of gastronomy nothing but wine — no spirits or even cooked wines such as vermouth — is served before dinner. No second courses, no water and the cheese course (and even then mineral water), no smoking until coffee. And no desserts

with even the greatest connoisseurs to follow or to follow. They do nothing to enhance nutrition or digestion.

Upstairs, in the large wood-paneled dining room, we dined on broiled whale fish. One lone crack that I looked more interesting without one and then left. I was no longer the only waitress, so when friends came to partake of Kress's art. We took our plates and began.

According to the rules of classical French cuisine, the first course was a light soup, in this case a wonderfully clear chicken broth, thickened ever so slightly with paprika, perfumed with Madras and garnished with minuscule julienne of chicken breast and codfish. We sipped slowly, savoring each drop.

Then the aujourns. Two small porcelain pike chompings, enriched with egg yolks, swimming in a creamy white velouté sauce and topped with tiny chomps and in the disks of baked under a dollop of Soufflé cheese. The flavors and textures had all blended into one nappe. The fish had been lightened by the sauce and the sauce strengthened by the fish.

The giant course — because of parsnips braised in wild rice, parts of parsnips (you don't want the rest of the bird) and mushrooms — brought silence to the table. The man across from me was the only diner who ventured to comment: "A pheasant steeped in wine but less gamey, no, more gamey, no, like a night in the symphony if it's symphony had a taste?" There were no mere attempts at description.

The aujourn course, the crowning glory of the meal, was young lamb fillet stuffed with lamb kidneys. The last of the aujourn's chomps honored by the hearty taste of roasted lamb and a half tomato sautéed lightly in red wine. Garnished by pointed carrots — baked, parrot potatoes enriched with egg yolks, shaped into cylinders braised and fried in hot oil. Just one, to suffice not to fill.

A taste of creme fraiche and a sliver of ripe Camembert. And then, a refreshing and soulful of Coupe Nougatine — homemade vanilla ice cream so creamy, so full of caramelized almonds which crunched and crunch from between my teeth. Frenchified, wild raspberries were added and served after a rich, black, Cognac coffee.

I sipped a cognac and waited back in my chair softly relaxed and at peace with the world. Then Marcel Kress, dignified, composed after 14 hours in his kitchen, entered the room. An artist I

tried to applaud. ♦



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THE BOYS OF WINTER

In 1961 the Trail Smoke Eaters beat the whole world. They think they still can

By PAUL GRESOCE

In the late winter and early spring of last year — a fairly large group of Canadians — mostly from Trail, B.C., and mostly from their early forties — returned to the Hotel Royal in Lausanne, Switzerland. Not only had they enjoyed visits, but they enjoyed the hotel, Tony, the Italian Expressos, spontaneously sang out — from memory — the names of each Canadian male in the group. And his sweater number.

He was paying tribute to what we had long since abandoned. The men he recognized were the nucleus of the 1961 Trail Smoke Eaters, the last Canadian amateur team to win the world hockey championship. In the 15 years that had passed since Tony last served the team drinks, the Smoke Eaters had grown light on wind and heavy on weight, they were slow-moving relicts of their late-twenty selves. But they were every bit as bentleven as in 1961 — after all, they had just completed a clean, five-game series against the vagabonds of the '61 Swedish amateur team, bolstered by some quick entries from the Smoke Eaters to whipping these aging lads.

They remembered a Canadian name that we have forgotten. That name would always remain. When they conquered the world in 1961 they weren't even the ones who'd succeeded to seal overalls. The year before, they'd lost the Allis Cup to the Cluthers Maroons, but Cluthers had elected to take a Russian tour instead, and as Trail ended up with the chance to play for the world cup. Their European tour was grueling, 24 open-air games as eight countries in six weeks. After their first balloon-to-balloon exhibition game with Sweden, when they lost 4-2, the Smoke Eaters were described by Swedish experts as the weakest team they'd ever seen to a world tournament. But after the second, when Trail won 4-1, the Swedes decided that was the stinkiest team ever. They'd agreed four Swedish players, two of them so badly they had to be dropped

from the roster. They kept up their hardy, tough, precise hockey, they avoided the Russians and the Swedes, and they won the gold medal.

The rough and tumble Smoke Eaters of '61 became celebrities in Europe. Canadians who'd been to Switzerland never forgot the men's frosty farewells. Darryl Russell and Frank McLean, Nas goalhander Seth Martin — who's remembered now in Canada, if at all, for his one season in the NHL. They went back to Europe in the late winter, early spring of '64 to catch up on a dozen, to be reinstated while again as heroes. The boys of winter.

Trail, a town of 12,000, not much bigger now than in 1961, is wrapped in mountains. Slopes latticed up the winter-bronze hills, and wilderness is just a walk away — hunter can bag as elk and be back home within the hour. The winter air is bracing but tasting bad, you can sport frosting blocks of dust from the another otherwise of Commerce, Trail's causeus for being, the world's largest minter of zinc and lead.

Concord's concierge also explains why the Smoke Eaters of '61 could return without the benefit of a team: no one team would have been twice invited. Most of the original club still work "up the hill," the now euphemism for the ugly Canadian operations.

I'd come to Trail not because I'm a hockey fan, though, I know, but my image of the game is colored by a Winnipeg boyhood of weak-skilled skating, wobbly pass-passing and my eventual realization that I'd rather be Oscar Hammerstein than Rocket Richard. But even I was intrigued by the resurrected Smoke Eaters. Their series with the Swedes had been ignored in the Canadian press, drowned in the hype of Team Canada '64, and now they were talking of yet another hockey trip to Europe. What would have prompted them to put on their skates again, how much of it was bad-life nostalgia for the boys they used to be?

Paul Gresoce is a Vancouver writer and a contributing editor of *Maclean's*.



You don't need a special occasion to enjoy an occasional Heineken. It tastes tremendous.

After 15 minutes the players were gasping

Mario's Hevi left the St. Louis Blues in 1968, then disbanded one level down with the Spokane Ice of the Western International League, retiring finally five years ago. He's a Comox Avenue, but come summer he operates the St. Martin Winter Shop ("Hockey And Skating Equipment, Skate Sharpening") with wife, Paulette, a Comox pepperette who'd been picked up as a deli counter girl for the '74-75.

The afternoon I arrived, Mario was busy fixing skins at the back of the shop. One wall is done in Hockey Trademarks: St. Louis pensants and placques had autographed signatures of NHL stars. Pierre Meloche introduced himself friendably, with the Princeville-area name that earned him his nickname. Despite his height, he'd been a great looking player touted before the team went over around '61-'62. He was a late-blooming world-beater. On the ice a few hours ahead of the team prior '86's 40 game, a Comox millwright who sharpens skates for Mario after work.

Mourning Mario, I could see why the Swedish pitcher had delivered him across to St. Louis last year, a brawling but headstrong fellow with a chin part beginning to double — younger than his 40 years. We struggled to meet again that night at the Comox Arena for the season's first practice.

In the dressing room, strenged, the team looked to age. Red-faced brawlers again. But the ones in better shape than I am at 34 — except for two of them, defenceman George Ferguson and forward Cal Hockley, their captain, who was fat. Fat fat.

"Jesus Christ, I can hardly bend over," Ferguson said, lying his skates. "My gut comes up and he even locking it," said Meloche.

"Last year I thought we were nuts," Hockley observed. "This year I'm convinced we are."

Ferguson won wobbly 13 minutes into the practice and later, when somebody asked Hockley why he was holding up the practice, he just shook his weary head. "Don't know," he said. "Tambellini had the puck on the ice with me, scrapping, junior players, and their fathers, Jean and Et, were still the heroes of the oldtimers. Yet most of the '86 team were equal to the young players in stick-handling if not acrobatics. Oh, occasionally Tambellini's kid might beat Meloche cleanly but he wouldn't get by Mario, who'd think himself minus the net if he were filling on a featherbed. Another junior — the son of Gerry Prenter, noisy working-classf — accolade

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The series was Seth Martin's vision

ally dumped George Ferguson on his belly. To ease the embarrassment, the Russell boy wriggled over a pack. At one point Brooks McLevy leaped aboard and bear-hugged the youngster. Tambellini responded with a mock snarl, "Dumb 19-year-olds."

The dressing soon afterward was wash with bowls from the showers and Uncle Ben's beer opened with skins blades. Russell, his overleather ripped open at his arthritic knees, rhapsodized about sitting and reclining. "I don't care if I ever play backgammon."

In consequence, Col. Hockley was telling me about the trip to Sudbury. "It was a dream. It's not very often you get a chance to go back again. My wife thought it was kind of a foolish idea at first, most of us hadn't played for seven or eight years. And then we sat around in our second meeting and decided we need a budget of \$15,000. That shown how little we knew, the whole trip cost us \$15,000."

After practice, everybody went over to the house of Ted Petran, a young dentist and a sort of hockey guru who was team manager for the 1974 series, to look at slides of both European trips.

"Look at the bairns," somebody shouted when the young and courageous 1861 team appeared on screen. "All the girls would fall after Seth Marx, man!" "That's the Marx pole hotel dining room at *Moore's*." "We were playing cards with 17 different kinds of money." "I like their sneakers." That's Stanley when he found there was a gold-digging rat in his soup.

On the mountain, their hair had been longer, their clothes weren't out of the Eaton's catalogue and their wives were with them. "That's fine, always sleeping." "We got bombed in Tornimakasius after the seines." "Look at her, she's a really oldie, we drove past her five times." "We were in Sweden four days before we had Swedish food." "My wife left by then. She got sick and went home."

In all, the seven series revealed a year, like a holiday season of a backlog mammal. During the next few days — talking to the team members on the job at Comisco, driving around town with engineer Tiger McIver, visiting the financial success story of the '61 Smokies, doffing somber Harry Smith, who's big in bulk oil and real estate in nearby Cascade — I began to piece together how the entire chapter had progressed.

Really, it was Seth Martini's vision. A local boy, Mama had played junior basket in Lethbridge, Alberta, then



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**Martin quit the NHL
to return to Trail**

some home to join the fledgling semi-pro leagues. Smack Faxon. In 1980 they lost the Allstar Cup to Charlottetown but early the next year went to Europe and won under coach Bobby Kromme. They reached the world tournament again in '83 but finished fourth. Back home, maintaining friction with Kromme, a Vancouvan Lombard on skates prompted most of the players to quit the team. Martin among them. But as a well-seasoned pro forward was recruited for Canada in the 1984 Olympics and then returned to Europe with Father David Bassett's national teams in '85 and '87. Scotty Bowman, scouting for St. Louis a new expansion team, watched Martin in his last stop and signed him with the Blues the following summer.

At 34, Martin was the oldest rookie in the NHL. He got \$20,000 and a fat signed house. He also got very little. "Especially on a Saturday night when it was TV across Canada," he remembers. For his debut in Martin he was shadowing his good fortune when he became a member of the Blues' first team on his return. St. Louis went to the Stanley Cup final that season (and lost to Montreal), but Gilrem Hall was the first-rookie goals. Still, Martin had skated 26 games during the season with a respectable 2.99 goals-against average; the team was willing to take him back; the money was good — so why drop out?

Well, he told me, he had a wife and family. Three girls — eight now, the youngest; 15-year-old Sonsie, a spunky street-hockey player with a couple of stitches to prove it that was an avid audience for her dad. In 1986, Martin had considered for 15 more years as an 58,000-a-year forward in Trail, and the promise of a looked-in position within two years, against that he weighed the well-paid but perilous future of a hockey player. Stanley was: "I thought about it quite a bit after and I've thought about it since," he admitted. "You know, what would I be doing now, where would I be living in a bigger city? I don't know whether I'd like it or not, to be honest with you."

I wondered if he had any regrets. "Not really. I've done what I wanted to do. I played in the Allstar Cup and in the world championships and I was a participant in the Stanley Cup. And the thing I remember most is winning the championship for Canada in '87 and even going back last year to Sweden — an old-timer, sure, but it's still a great feeling to skate on the ice with the maple leaf in front and Canada on the back and listen to the national anthem."

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Now the Smokies want to do it again

garry in Stockholm, Swedish captain Louis Rydén — an 18-year and 200 pounds — left Sweden in 1970 to compete in the 1972 Winter Olympics and Alpine Skiing. And at a champagne dinner, Captain Christopher, a wealthy travel agent who used to be the man's entrepreneur throughout Sweden, rose to make a speech, uttered only a few words and sat down crying. The team learned later that he was dying of cancer. "Harry" — he'd laugh at the name — Harry Smith told me one afternoon as we talked about the NHL. "And I never gave it a thought. I always say I could have done it, but sometimes I wonder why didn't you, though?" And at a New Year's Eve cocktail party, Ed Petherbridge, deep in his rye, said he'd like to go through training camp now. "If only God could give me a chance," he said. —Lynn, asked Seth Maran.

The Smokies letter has generated a couple of letters from Australia. One was a copy of a letter to Gordon Johnson from the Department of External Affairs, which had received a letter from the Canadian embassy in Stockholm. It said: "The Two Smokies Estates were gentlemen both on and off the ice. In Stockholm there was not a single penalty in the game. There was no fighting, no arguing with the referees and no threatening of officials and photographers in his home the case on occasion with other Canadian teams. The Smokies Estates were truly goodwill ambassadors."

The other letter was from Hans Swedberg of the Swedish old-timers' team. He told how much he and his wife Karen missed them and how "people are really asking what we will play the next match of games and where we will play them."

The last night, the Smokies bought and served a house full of salmon, fixed it up for sale, and hoped to make \$12,000 toward another European trip. When I left Seth Maran, he was talking about a series with the Russian and Czech teams they had played in 1981.

"What I'd like to do is get an old-timers' world championship," he told me. "In Europe there's no doubt you'd sell the glass out. Even in a place like Vancouver you could probably draw 10,000. We've already written . . ."

A smooth number

Dear Kids,

Remember the story of Captain Cook's voyage? Well, here's your Grandpa and me in his cottage in Melbourne. You would have liked the wildlife sanctuary at Healesville. See the kangaroos, we saw koalas, platypuses and kookaburras. When we went to

Australia

Quokka Island on the Great Barrier Reef, we went fly-fishing. I caught the biggest one, and was Grandpa ever mad! We also saw Tugger look — the world's biggest rock — 5½ mi round. The two boys who look like they're dancing are in a grape-treading contest at the Barossa Valley Wine Festival. We spent two days there and went to lots of parties.

Australia

Barossa Valley

Australia

Ayers Rock

Australia

Quokka Island

Australia

THE MEN WHO MOIL FOR OIL

In the North Atlantic a million tons of iceberg may jump your claim

BY ROY MacGREGOR

The fog begins to lift around ten. From a wrinkled and powerless perch off to reveal scores of mussels and trim which have passed the night drifting in the swells some 100 yards off the port side, they will rise when the galley slops black ahead of the port look out at the daylight squeezing through and acknowledging that one more day is passing. Four less day to spend aboard a drilling ship in the North Atlantic.

Ninety miles to the southwest Cape Bonavista, the closest part of Newfoundland to the Haydill. Beyond that Gander and off the radar at both ends argue that the fog just hasn't lifted. Universal Helicopter big in-engine Sikorsky will shuttle out to the drilling ship with the mail and whatever workers are due back. Sleep or not. The gulls screech when the Sikorsky lands on the ship's landing deck, and even as the helicopter whirs down men are already gathered, washed with fat waters and fresh fish, to start work in hand. This exhaustion is most apparent in the way the seafarers move — up down, loop around the rigging, flip out backword flip, and back up high to the left side of the mouth. These men are getting off.

Those not getting off don't wait to wash the landing. The toughened, changing the clothes, head out and look at it as if the depth of the water were the only thing that matters. The navigation room then play go for a tenth of a cent a point. The Haydill is a 1000-tonne ship and there's a lot but for the scrapping of metal the around the cabin the scores that tell the history of the men's spare time. Gin is the best measure they've found against boredom. But talk helps too.

"They say there's a new stripper at the Gander Flyer Club," says Real Cleveland, a stocky 37-year-old from Trail, BC. Cleveland, a Kootenay rock-hacker with a handbaking job, works as a "mud man" in the Haydill's explorations, changing the circulation system used in remote settings from the hole. "Seppied to outlast 75-125 — can you imagine?"

"It's a good outfit," says big Charlie McCarty, a thick, boyish-looking "cement man" from Whitecourt, Alberta. "Wouldn't be surprised if the had a minimum of 100 under 'em."

Cleveland's been on for close in two weeks. McCarty for three. Most of the Canadian work two weeks straight then get a week off. Most of the crew, though, are Norwegians, they work a full month straight and then fly back to Oslo for a month at home with full pay. Of the 30 men aboard the Haydill, only 12 are Canadians, the rest being the Norwegian, several Norwegians and a Scot. "You can always tell the Canadians," a man had said back at Gander. "They're the ones who go around with their guitars rolled up when it's 30 below, wearing cowboy boots and chewing toothpicks."

Charlie McCarty likes looking down, and spends all his waking hours in the hole. When the North Atlantic comes up to his knees for it, "Shore I fall a few times," he says. "It's not many times I fall off these boats though. Besides it's not much different out here than in a bush camp, except it rocks." Like most Canadian shigels, his job is specialized to the point of absurdity. He's only allowed when they get control, pushing into the hole, though he does occasionally do assembly work. "I put in a good two or three hours a month, already. I'd guess I get about 20 hours sleep a day. I gotta bookshelf! Ever read *Through Sweet, and I made enough of it go last week to pay for a 40-centon in Gander. There's really only three things to do here — sleep, play cards and bullshit."*

McCarty and Cleveland are two of the more contented crew members. McCarty makes \$1300 a month and gets \$15 a day bonus for every day he's on the wellsite, which would please just about anyone. Cleveland makes just over the boat's minimum wage — \$1100 a month, which is what kitchen staff get — and also gets a nice bonus for every day he's working. He's contented because he's a good character — and what others is better capture audience from a ship at sea? They get free movies, usually sailing the same route twice before they're in, and every month or so the Norwegians bring back some info on photography. "They're even fishing, they're up over either side for cod or red snappers, using a 100-meter line and the chief stand once caught 27 in two hours. But to a guy like McCarty, who sometimes daysdreams of going casting for salmon trout back in Alberta, the joy of jiggling isn't quite the same. "Most fishing down there is dragging a rod snapper at that depth," he points out, "so that their eyes usually pop when they reach the surface."

When the Haydill spudded the well known as BP Columbia Basin's C-99 last June on the Continental Shelf some 130 miles northeast of St. John's, it was to be the deepest well ever drilled in the Atlantic Coast of North America. And they could even fill it in well they got to 10,000 (through 1,100 feet of a rock and two and a half miles) and still it was to be 13,500 feet, nearly two and a half miles. Everyone was optimistic. The Canadian Society of Petroleum Geologists had estimated the amount of undiscovered oil in Canada to be 84 billion barrels, more than four times what had already been measured, and further forecast that 63 billion of these barrels would be found offshore, either in the Arctic region or the Atlantic. In addition, less than a year previously, they'd have promising signs from Mobil Oil's operations around Sable Island. But the roughneck's nose for oil told him the really big finds would come from the Newfoundland Basin.



Ray MacGregor is an associate editor of *Maclean's*.



It's hard to get to sleep when you know the ship is surrounded by as many as 15 drifting icebergs

which is where the *Hawaiian* would be exploding. The oil company's wells spontaneously erupts that mean that \$200 million had been spent on just vessel-drilling by the big conglomerates since 1968, with only a tenth of luck from around St. John's — still, they took their to mean that there would be all the more in it for them now than companies content in the Newfoundland Basin ports. BP (Caledon's 65% Borealis subsidiary) had a firm agreement with Columbia Gas Development Ltd. out of Calgary and they are to continue the *Hawaiian*'s Newfoundland-owned venture to explore the 127 million acres that BP had been granted by the federal government. Borealis' partners, the oil majors, will likely profit from the venture. Full-time year might be a stretch. But if it's well held, BP's arrangements with Ottawa would allow the company to keep on looking until September 30, 1979. All BP had to do was spend \$25 million so that much and if they kept to that part of the bargain, and if oil or gas were ever found, then BP stood to get the working rights to 40% of those 127 million acres. Other oil companies had similar agreements.

Put off though they had to come to terms with the icebergs which helped to make things a touch more interesting for the boys in blue hats and early summer. The 1974 season proved to be the worst in 30 years, making gas guides the term and most exciting prospect as well.

When made it was the way the *Hawaiian* fought back. First, with the year's first major gale, and then, more recently, the last winter day the Pelican I which was drifting for another company farther north and was along the coast of Labrador, was out of only five such ships in the world. Unlike the slow-sail idea of avoiding which is learned or anchored to the ocean floor and waits in waters up to 400 feet deep, the *Hawaiian* and Pelican are "dynamically positioned" ships and cost \$60 million each, they use computers and live propellers (three forward, two astern) in perfectly managing their position over the wellhead, always with their bows into the wind for stability. Should one of the notorious icebergs slip out of the fog and smash the top cap downspout from the well in minutes by telescoping the pipe above the wellhead and moving out of harm's way at 10 knots, with 900 feet of pipe dangling below her ball. Within eight hours (including the time needed for the iceberg to pass-the ship can be back positioned and drilling.

"Sometimes you don't go to sleep at night knowing there's 15 bergs within 15

couple of hundred feet of where McCleary would be," says Bruce Petrus of Russell Maritime, a member of the self-subservient team. "The fog can be thick it burns the radar. You just have to keep guessing what their rate of travel is."

After a while though around August the environment fades. With the summer winds and warmth the bergs become ghostly, disintegrating as air bubbles in a swimming pool. And as summer grows into fall the big berg becomes smaller and smaller, the sea granules constantly and the rain begins. But that is it — really a rain more's minor or a drizzle that soaks over the boat and comes to rest permanently, unrelenting, but nevertheless adapting.



By fall the icebergs were just good memories. They talked about them either after the chance of striking an iceberg, or the year after, when the ice was more numerous and thicker. After a while, though, one could detect the urge that was poised in various spots. "Your imagination is set discussing this well during your days off will be appreciated regardless of the country to which you return."

"When you spend a good part of every day fishing for the first jink or looking for the first of spudges to be dredged off so you can complete a run, the words become a convenient, totally mechanical bridge between conversations. The talk never flows, it bubbles up from time to time, burns, and erupts."

"Borealis," one comments to the north, his hand. "You wouldn't believe St. John's. Down there they know what you're talking about by the gills and they want it just as badly as you do — no know-how and going around giddy-like for drifts. Before you get a hand on it. It's 'Let's get it down to it' from the moment you get there."

"You can say what you want about that,"endpays a man wearing a well-drilled band. "The future is gonna be nice

to go home in some strange ship."

He talks a lot about St. John's. Town off-shore board the Salmonid heli-ship for the long ride back to Gander three times a year or five to St. John's and a house that made available free by BP and \$70 a day spending money.

Rod Cleveland was down in his room thinking just that about for him the big trip to St. John's was coming around once again and not soon enough. He'd shown was trying to get the weather station hats on the top of his head to occupy the new pens down in the middle and had a half-pint-size leather sweater beaded by Big Charlie McCleary, the man who had come to him from Newfoundland. The sweater was back to scale. A big sweater like McCleary has a room partly — and he shares with three others. Newfoundland, but close, very close.

"Tough, Charlie," Rod was saying. "St. John's is really gonna be something. After a little sleepover in Gander for a peak at the 12-inch chart there it's off to the best city in the country. Last time there I met a girl and took her out for a drink — a good drink — and she complained that the place cost too much. So we moved on to a cheaper joint and I buy us two more drinks and she looks at me and what do you think she says, 'oh Charlie?'" He shrugs McCleary thought through the moment, picking off the last ends of shaving cream with a towel. McCleary doesn't answer.

"She says 'We know Rod, you don't need to be so expensive if you want me to go to bed with you. If that's what you want, let's just go,'" Cleveland laughs thinking of the others taking around the room. As if they need to find his mark again.

McCleary just keeps on reading. He's used to Cleveland showing him. Unlike Rod, Charlie has a lot to think about. "I was married to a half a year ago going on six months" is the way he puts it. "I got two kids, one three and one only a year old, and if you want to talk that is a man I only been home twice in the past three years, you aren't too wrong."

Get on deck, mate! Charlie stood with his hands in his front pockets, chewing a cigarette and wondering why Cleveland should have off the last, after all, half? Charlie has been on the job a lot longer without a break? Get over the numbered how the gills and terms sounded and Charlie unthinkingly looked out over the sky. Over the horizon came a heavy green Argus with a blazing Canadian flag on her sail. It boasted the *Hawaiian* twice, coming within 15

couple of hundred feet of where McCleary stood. "Just looking for oil," he commented, looking down into the steady winter that surrounded the drilling operation. Probably, though, he was wrong. Probably, though, he was wrong. The Argus wasn't looking it was delivering a message from Ottawa, a message that surrounded the ship in whose waters it was.

If that was indeed the case, and it likely was, then Ottawa should realize that the Argus messages are less as much like Charlie and the others as they are. They are doing a job as well as they can often the only ones they'll ever know, and the abductions from them from their months in over whose property they might be trespassing. The date November 7, 1967, means nothing to them, they don't know that this was the day after Michel O'Leary thought of was on Saxis Island and the very day the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously rejected British Columbia's claim to offshore resources, thereby setting a precedent for dealing with the Atlantic problem. International law respects Ottawa's control of Canada's territorial waters. Newfoundland, however, does not. Newfoundland contends that any oil discovered in the area would be best left out as it would have to be shared under the old Commonwealth agreement — that hadn't signed over any such rights under the terms of her joining Confederation in 1869. The province has already promised to take the fight to the Supreme Court of Ontario.

It is estimated that \$300 million has already been spent on exploration in the area and that this one billion dollar will likely be spent as soon. Newfoundland has long been aware of tidal power, or lack of it, and in St. John's they figure that the potential for resources alone might be \$800 million, and they feel their argument is that it rightfully belongs to the province as the majority of the Atlantic provinces. The present Minister of Mines and Energy, Jim Barron, has on himself the task of seeing that Newfoundland gets her fair share of the wealth and that "every possible dollar is spent in Newfoundland."

At the very moment that the sword-and-grenade Argus was ungraciously roaring overhead, Steve Burnell, a bearded civil servant in Newfoundland's provincial Department of Mines and Energy was walking around the deck of the *Hawaiian*. He'd been sent out from St. John's for a more specific purpose. "I'm here showing you off big," he said. "And when I came out I figured I might run into a Newfie or two, but there isn't even one anywhere near the kingdom."

"I don't doubt it," said Steve. "100 Newfoundlanders have come straight from the exploration," said Rod. Robert, the petkin-faced young (34) Leader of the Opposition in St. John's said a few



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No oil has yet been found off Canada's Atlantic Coast that the companies believe is worth trying to recover

weak link. "Mostly the only ones who've benefited have been the bars and real estate people. But we've got a workforce of around 125,000 and close to 25,000 are unemployed. The resource-based jobs are all we have."

The last case in the world such pros as Charlie McCurry and Rod Cleveland have heard is where the royalties from an oil well might go. And in the rest they may prove to have had the right attitude all along. No one talks much about it, but the price of crude is a mere 70 cents a barrel, but you can't beat it. Canadian Atlantic said that the oil companies, fed by a commercially tractable oil source, have agreed to pay off their costs ten times what a dry well off-shore costs ten times what a dry well on land costs. And if Imperial Oil won't openly argue about drilling 135 dry holes before striking the Leduc field in Alberta in 1947, you can bet that same company is putting a trifling amount whatever the 60 offshore wells they've put down in the past few years without hitting a payload. Amoco Ltd. another sun conglomerate standing along the coast cost hard-earned them \$45 a barrel to carry on the search. That price explosive when you consider that the success factor on land is only 38% for finding a 50-million-barrel field — and the companies have shown maintained that an

economically feasible offshore operation would have to promise four times that amount. At the end of August, Amoco announced it was suspending its drilling on the Grand Banks, so no major oil was than expected. Rumor had it that they'd finally admitted nothing was there and that after they'd spent (according to their estimate) \$100 million.

As for BP Canada, they weren't in down in Amoco's nor up in Mobil's who were buying back their own St. John's oil. BP, like the others, were devoting a great deal of time and money to the search, and that several investment firms were highly recommending purchase of BP stock to their clients purely on the basis that BP's land properties were thought to be possibly the best oil-bearing ground in Canada.

But when the Brodell suspended drilling in early October at 10,225 feet the weather got so nasty for further operations past October, nothing had yet been found. It might have been completely discouraging, had not her sister ship, the Pelican discovered natural gas in the final weeks of the drilling station. While the operator, Eastern Exploration, confirmed that the potential flow was 20 million cubic feet a day — a "very promising" well — Premier Frank Moore instantly commented that the

SEASIDE



That's what good has been a natural symbol since we last

"It's a good life when you get to leave" is one of the younger Canadians who possibly wished to be emigrated said. "I'm waiting for oil so that I won't be back again. I hope the bastard finds. Not that I'm giving up, but I just as well can't come back here. It's some experience to spend three months on a boat and never go anywhere. In three months the only good thing I found about it is that you can get your rags dry."

Up in the orientation room, Rod Cleveland was still going to be glad to leave. Only he would come back when his lease was over. He had a little talk with a few of the other broken men, the last vestiges of French Laundry. Said the more, the others were spa-pedicated black and he was ready. A solar canoe came for him. "Would Rod Cleveland please come to the solar room?"

A radio message had arrived. It was bad news from Rod's replacement. He couldn't make it, sorry. Consequently, another message was waiting to give Charlie McCurry the leave he'd been wanting the past three weeks for, and while Cleveland went back to get and the life that revolves around a month of a can a goat McClary went below, but fell the big horn yanked on an limb while pulling, broke out the new Levi's jacket and jeans and came back up just as the big Skunkwa September looks through the fog, snatching the goats and terror into hysteria. Cleveland looked up from the radio game.

"You borrowed that big snapper! have to wait for me now."

"Don't you want it?" McCurry said as he reached the door. He turned and looked directly at his friend. "I'll let you know if there's any mushrooms." □



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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WALT DISNEY

The wolf film made \$8 million. Can Ralph Ellis repeat with two geese?

By JOHN HOFSESS

At a time when other film producers are offering the public increasingly inflations from box office gains to catastrophe, Ralph Ellis, the 50-year-old president of Keg Productions in Toronto, is looking to do Canada one better. He's got a plan. If that plan succeeds, it's not just winning first prize in the Olympic lottery, it's under how many millions were made the last time Ellis backed a horse.

Most people looking at BE Magazine's article film *Break of a Legend* (1971) see nothing remarkable in it. Just another Canadian movie, most (but not this time) destined to have a brief play on television and disappear. Ellis saw differently. Deeply moved because he did a revised, expanded version was made, *Cry of the Wolf*, which to date has grossed more than eight million dollars. *Parade's Jack* "Shared Business success?" Whatever it is that excited Ellis to produce the Canadian film with the highest earnings in our history (inside the presses of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and

and four times as much in Quebec's legendarily soft-spoken Dennis Hopper or *Orsi*) it's about to be used for a second time with his latest feature release, *Wings of the Wildness*.

It may sound unlikely enough to be true, but in the 1970s, another classic chum demonstrated this point when *Cry of the Wolf* poggered for first place with *The Foxes* and *The Dog*, those who staff at Ellis' producer or operations division don't know much about the modern movie market.

At the 1970 Canadian Film Awards *Cry of the Wolf* was shown to about 25 people late one afternoon on plane in the schedule because a low status and most people, taking the last seat off to dinner. There were a lot of mobile phones going around about the "wolf thing." A 90-second feature about timber wolves seemed like the last word in cultural lag in as far as the highly fashionable coyotes were concerned. Thus the film which practically everyone ignored went on to have the last laugh in no sur-

prise. While others bemoan the "squander of the Canadian film industry" and continue to successfully but pessimistically protest, he believes that the future of Canadian cinema is one of constant frustration and failure, of talents pattering out and films getting nowhere. Ralph Ellis has seen it all, heard it all, and cashed in like Pierre Berton's *Nation's* (which 3.2 million Canadians watched last year, claiming the highest rating for a Canadian dramatic series in the CBC's history) or *Greene's* *Footprints*, *North of Superior*, which more than four million people have seen at Ontario Place since it opened in 1973. The films produced by Ralph Ellis are ones that many people want to see. As with all success stories, there are sound underneath reasons.

"We tried out *Cry of the Wolf* in Edinborough," says Ellis, "and by the time of the return we knew we had something. This was our strategy: we released the film at a time in the year when television viewing is highest and film attendance is lowest — low winter."

"A crazy time to release a feature originally but perfect for our purpose. One hundred thousand saw them in front of a TV and we screened them with commercials, anywhere from three to six, sometimes more, times a day until finally there was no one in the family who didn't know that *Cry of the Wolf* was playing in their neighborhood."

"The process we used is called *Year-walking* in the trade. That means we not the releases — all four with as it were — pay the staff, design the advertising campaign — the whole works except for construction."

The theatre owners loved us. We moved on when business was at its weakest and guaranteed them a good return. And steadily we filled the place."

The usual rental arrangement for a film is that the exhibitor and distributor take up to 30% of the gross and pass along the remainder to the producer. A film can be a "ley" and have many profit-



John Wayne in a film crime and a canning editor of *Maniac's*

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1960, they were joined by

Like Walt Disney before him, Ralph Bakshi knows his market by following his own tastes. As the executive producer of *Adventures In Babysitting*, a top-rated Canadian television series sold in 10 countries, and a new 10-part series *The Wild Country* (which captured the *Emmy* and *Golden Globe* awards for a program of the year), Bakshi has a reason to be optimistic.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

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dearly times
words can cool you off
go over board for
you and, make up
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nothing
else
Stay Antigua this spring

The movies show animals as being almost human . . . it's often impossible to separate fact from fiction

shown on the CBC). It has a knock for producing consistently successful family films. "In making *Wings of the Wild*, we knew we needed something different. The nature documentary had reached its limit. A whole group of films, *Curse of the Werewolf*, *Curse of the Werewolf*, *Curse of the Werewolf*, *Curse of the Werewolf*, and others had

worn out part of the market. *Wings of the Wild* adds a number of new ingredients to the formula, and of course I'm hoping I've produced a winner."

Even with the weather warming to follow in the Northern Ontario cities and towns, *Wings of the Wild* is the most-looked-for title for in January, the early reviewer showed it was still drawing in audiences.



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ahead of *Cry of the Wild*. (The film opens this spring in western Canada and in the fall in the eastern provinces under an Elton point-of-view, "the only good time to play a film like this is when you are first in an area that hasn't played one for some time.") The film is a futuristic drama using animals as human-like, a slightly refined plot presenting more suspense and comedy than a nature won't.

Close is the instructional wildlife film with the fan-filled soundtrack. In its place is a story highly unreliable on a number of facts mentioned in a fatherly manner by Loren Greene about two gullings (young birds) by an Oriental Swan goose who become inseparable upon a human (stranger Dan Gibson) and who grow up on the battlefield as it were of human society and innumerable nature. Impressing it proves which by young birds of certain species will follow the first large friendly figure they encounter — be it mother or not) is a fact by itself that can be easily determined after a few minutes. And here comes the claim — and the apparent documentary footage to back it up — that the geese which grown could only learn to fly by following a mother inseparable mate plane carrying a tape-recorded message of "their mother's voice" encouraging them to follow, they are bound to confuse both child and adult in sorting out fact from fiction.

Even the square movie these days are not forsaken. The ethical ambiguities of the movie don't bother Elton — nor likely to audience, who maintains a balance between the two, and apparently the author of the book. His father's greatest include former films based on *Wilderness Men*, *The Story of Genghis Khan* by Louis Dickinson (published in 1973 by Minister of Canada) and *Reindeer & Rarities* (cover by Bill Davidson) do not

he issued this fall by General Publishing a spinoff from the former interviews series, which proved to be successful and which may in turn engender a new series of its own. Though Elton is moving closer to the conventions of dramatic film with human subjects, the main emphasis still falls on Canadian wildlife.

It's lucky for us that the animals

aren't truly as human-like as we depict them. They would have found a more logical way to have demanded a fair share

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A WEEKEND WITH SIR OTHO

A short sojourn between the pages of an English novel
BY JOY CARROLL

Mr. Fo, the Princeps, is having his breeches cleaned. His curranty handkerchiefs are folded with dry leaves and his traditional pipe sits on the pale blue drawing-room carpet.

"Mr. Fo goes to a special Dry-cleaner," Lady Priscilla Palmer says, spooning the dog steadily and pulling off a leaf scrap. "Very firm. But this painter could have killed her. Naugthy Mr. Fo."

Have a piece of gingerbread?" Sir Otho asks the plate and Tintagel, the black Labrador, eyes it warily. He doesn't give a sound and withdraws by the side with a sigh.

This is English country life. A scene by Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford. It is a few miles at Cregneash, in the Cumbrian fells, of stately, decapitated houses in a flat, chintz-pot and chintz, mossy and mired away a tiny before the fire. The three of us sit huddled just a little, in a room that's 40 feet long the ceiling can be quite coolish.

From where I sit, coddled in an open velvet sofa which sinks into dangerous softness, I can admire the Adam mantelpiece with its carved white hanging vases like an early Turner (Sir Otho is a Wilton Turner man). Outside the thick white door with the polished brass knobs there are sounds of village women hanging bunches of onions and hamper of salad and of tables being set up and glasses imported from carbohydrate houses. Sir Otho is lending Grange for a come-up night's run using "gerry," (guitar) and 100 mismatch Conservative Party-wives will arrive in all their finery to ring their reward, a biffle dinner and dancing, and a chance to take a look

at the flower house far miles around. Over her "cuppa" Sir Otho says he found a jolly good restaurant in Tarras a station in nearby Somerset which is two and a half hours by road from London, where they give him a free place of lunch with his friends. Lady Priscilla smiles understandingly.

"He loves that sort of thing. Once when we were both paddling in Portman and Mayfair, he let me two pounds that he could buy more free food than I could. So we each took one end of the food counter. I saved everything I looked at, and won and wonny. Nothing worked. When I finally caught up with him, he'd had three free biscuits and two glasses of pink salmon. He'd turned up his nose collar and shuffled along looking very red and pale. So I had to pay up."



Lady Priscilla told this story with great affection, obviously proud to have her in such an Academy Award performance. She is a slender, dark woman, dressed in tweed skirts in scrubby parks and lawns, now wearing her patterned stockings and sensible shoes. She has sculptured black hair, regulation buttonhole skin and a frank smile. Being Sir Otho's third wife she is 43, give or take a kah. Sir Otho adores her being 77, looks 50 and acts 29.

After tea there will be a mandatory run in my room: whiskey and soda on a tray to be sipped慢慢地 while I have a long, hot bath in the huge glass tub. Lost in the fantasy of an English pastoral novel (swallowing English posse and novels whole has been a lifelong hobby). I know the drill. That's it. Heaven.

I have Grange with Sir Otho as the wheel of a wise Retired. After intermissions, Lady Priscilla showed me to my room, giving me a capacious history of the house as we cleaned the broad Jacobean staircase.

"The oldest part was a Jacobean Ensuite on 1648. Grange comes from the word 'grazier.' We're only the third owners to live here at all that time, which is quite remarkable. It was built by the Drew family." She opened the door, double doors that sealed off the bedroom from the chilly corridor. "If you hear sniffling in the hallway tonight, it's only the red little lady in grey. She doesn't do any harm. They say she was a Drew daughter who ran away, made a

Jay Carroll is novel editor of Chatelaine and the author of eight novels, the latest being *The Moth*.

BARING THE SHAME OF OCTOBER, 1970

By John Holfess

The Canadian film that more people are likely to talk about, passionately, appositely, than any other this year is Michel Brault's *Les Ordres*. Following its first showing with English subtitles at the third annual Canadian Film Expo, it was recently held in Winnipeg, a capacity crowd of 600 people stood up, applauded and cheered. (The film has grossed \$300,000 to date in Quebec and will open shortly in all other provinces.) Since Michel Brault is the distinguished cinematographer of *Mon Oncle Antoine* and *Konkoura*, among others, it's no surprise that *Les Ordres* is a beautiful and disciplined movie, but what brought the Winnipeg audience to its feet was the film's moral and political importanc

Almost five years have passed since the imposition of the War Measures Act (the "ordinance" of the title) and though most Canadians were puzzled at the time by what Prime Minister Trudeau called "a state of apprehended insurrection" in Quebec, many have since realized — as the years passed and no protest was produced — that invoking the War Measures Act was an ominous blight.

Everything one sees in *Les Ordres* is based on fact. Having interviewed some 50 people who were victims of Canada's police-state laws, Brault distilled the details of many lives down to the barest components, then he added a narrative structure to give the story coherent shape and meaning. The film is a stark, frank, but also lyrical chronicle (featuring Helene Létourneau and Claude Courchesne) of present-day Quebec (a taxi driver, for example, is unemployed (urban a social worker, a doctor) with flawless dramatic authority. The result is a film with the immediacy of an important news story and the concentrated power of a master work of art. While the method is not new, Michel makes such brilliant use of it that *Les Ordres* becomes exemplary film making.

Both in person and as film, Michel Brault is a quintessential man of principle. Though *Les Ordres* is a stirring indictment that will skewer the conscience of most Canadians, it never once raises its voice or resorts to cheap dramatic shocks. In some after scenes, even when the content is morally outrageous, the film addresses us with calm, eloquent dignity. The film asserts that the sweeping provisions of the War Measures Act (detain without warrant, wire-taps without court orders, imprisonment up to 90 days, without formal charges being laid, the suspension of habeas and civil rights) did not help catch any terrorist; instead the law was used by the army and police to arrest more than 400 people in no stronger grounds than rumor or suspicion. We watch them being strip-searched, humiliated and psychologically tortured. We watch them being jailed, from now to six weeks, and then released as expeditiously as they were arrested.

Sometimes when I think about it they are merely right their grit should and stylistically excellent, but is *Les Ordres* Michel Brault has made a modern film classic. As is the reach of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, or the investigative journalism of *All The President's Men*, *Les Ordres* exposes the moral squander of governments that rule by offering the public illu-



rence, evidence and corroboration. More than 80% of all Canadians approved the War Measures Act when polled on the subject in 1970; now in *Les Ordres* they can have the scales removed from their eyes and see, for the first time, what they were supporting. Localistically, two government agencies, the National Film Board and the Canadian Film Development Corporation, turned down the script for production, which is why it has taken more than three years to reach the screen. The CFDC, to its credit, had sound thoughts, and finally gave Michel Brault the investment he needed to complete production — but only when they were satisfied that the "political situation" was dead. That shows the inherent danger of government support for the arts when films can be made only when they have minimal social import.

For four days at the Winnipeg symposium (sponsored by the Canada Council and the University of Manitoba) film makers, distributors, producers, provincial and federal government officials gathered from all parts of the country to discuss the state of Canada's film industry. Of what's left of it: major English film production is down from 13 features in 1972, to six in 1973, to four in 1974. Much of the criticism was well-founded. But no matter what the findings of the CBC, NFB, CFDC, foreign-owned theatre chains and administration committees and the Secretary of State's department, the ultimate responsibility for the deplorable condition of Canadian films lies with the people who make them. Over and over again, especially in English Canada, we put films that don't connect with anybody. Films with no social awareness, no concept of a defense and prior (negative) choices. No quota system, or government-run chain of theatres, or non-office levy, will induce the public to like *Child Under A Leaf*, *God Knows, Journey*, *The Sappho Kid*, *My Plumber Is My Business*, *Judy Fieldson And Co.* (the last was so unappealing that half the audience at the symposium walked out on it) among many other box-office fiascos of posers. By films that connect with people, I mean anything from *Days Without A Season* to *Scenes From A Marriage* films that people really want to see. Too often the trouble with our films isn't that they are "bad" but they are made in a social vacuum. There too, Michel Brault's *Les Ordres* is thoroughly instructive: when a Canadian film is made from deeply felt conviction, has something to say and speaks clearly, accepts a modest budget and shows a reasonable competence in technical and artistic execution, there is usually no want of an audience and no quandary in our film industry.

RECOMMENDED: Once Upon A Time Is The Sun by Andre Brassard and Michel Tremblay (using characters from both of Tremblay's famous Quebecois plays *Woozies* and *Les Dames Savent*) is an absurdist satire that goes sexual (mimicry, transvestism and autoeroticism) to advance political points about the relationship of French and English Canadians. The metaphor is, ultimately, fatty, but Tremblay has an eloquent sense of drama and exhilarating wit.

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WHY CAN'T HARVEY AND LLOYD BE MORE LIKE WALTER?

By Philip Marchand

Probably no other performer on network television is associated with as much care as the anchor man for the evening news. The head of a musical variety hour or talk show may turn out to be a vulgar buffoon, a frusterisk, a psonish bore — but whatever category of human or spiritual disaster he or she may fall into, the networks can always write it off as one of those hazards of show biz. Not so with the anchor man. If he is a repellent, then something much closer to the centre of justified pride is involved. Let me put it this way: Walter Cronkite is probably the most trusted man in America. If it were discovered that he scored an easy A on the size, or invited little girls up to his apartment late at night, it might well prove to be the last, fatal blow to the collective sanity of American society. The American people could not bear the fact that the camera had had their sense of themselves and their country.

In the 19th century, North Americans did their pronouncements, their sense of ownership, with political rallies, newspapers, and the physical confrontation provided by the railroad. In the late 20th century we tend to derive our sense of nationhood from the tube. Watching the evening news is not so much a means of keeping informed, as a way of plugging ourselves into a great national electronic society. In the centre of this vortex stands the anchor man, our guide on this electronic trip. What can he get half as important as the way he projects himself? If there is any kind of establisher or narcissist or hot personality the viewer can be very fully permed. The news is compelling enough without an anchor man who inspires doubt, loathing, or the sneer kind of curiosity. Hopefully, he will engage the opposite: trust, affection, a willingness to let him and what he's saying sit face value. It's the only way that the news, or more precisely the viewing range of our country that comes across as any good night, can be made pleasurable to the viewer.

The Americans, because their society is less stable and more violent than our own, and because they have more at stake, have chosen their anchor men with particular care. Walter Cronkite is the best example. He is as approachable as the Mountain on Parliament Hill or — to use a more pertinent analogy — the photograph of Abraham Lincoln in the offices of U.S. Senators. It is interesting to compare for our own newscasters in this electronic age — and to signs of his colleagues as well. Do Lloyd Robertson and Harvey Kurk come across with the same hammy flavor of warmth, wisdom and integrity as newscasters such as Cronkite and Roger Mudd and Harry Reasoner? Do they project a sense of being righteously skippled, without ever stooping to epigrams or laying fistic in the little people, which is so dependably present in Dan Rather, David Brody and Howard K. Smith?

Well, take a look at Lloyd Robertson. He is extremely presentable — video-slick, alert, with agreeable features and a voice that is as polished and sounding as the movements of a master of showing you a table in the best restaurant in

trees. That disconcerted polish can be as irritating in its own way as his leathery, unshaved face, a face which seems never to have been marked by human tragedy, but greed, or any of the other several passers of mankind. It is possible that Lloyd Robertson may be the image nation of Canadian readers have of the way they would like their sons to grow up — the kind of boy who is polite to his elders and respectful of the girls he takes out to the high-school basketball game. But somehow, that is not an image the rest of us can warm to.

Harvey Kurk is a different specimen altogether. My heart goes out to him. He seems to be harboring a secret sorrow, a deep melancholy lurking on from some long past episode in his life, behind that rigid, almost supercilious exterior. His pattern of responses is quite banal. He can be grieved if he is reading a banal news item, or he can be severe if he is reading a banal news item, or he can be severe if he is reading a banal story about a pugnacious slaying out of Montreal, but that's about it. He will never look up. And although he is a more likable figure than Lloyd Robertson, who will never lower his errect, part of that likability is based on the fact that (unlikeable traits of just) he appears in the viewer. Harvey is a good fellow, all right. incapable of any madness. Always in there pitching, reading the news with obvious effort and holding his body as if he could be hopped forward at any moment by jarringly pushing him from behind.

Of the two, the reason Kurk and Robertson are so prolific on air, of course, is that they do not have the journalistic acumen or sense of their American counterparts Walter Cronkite and the CBS newscasters, people like Harry Reasoner and David Brody at least with their own material. While Kurk has some say over what he reads on the air, it is not enough to stamp his personal imprint on the program. Robertson has almost no say at all.

Robertson and Kurk will not appall or shock you, and that is certainly an advantage, but they do nothing for our sense of collective identity each weekend at 11 p.m. We need anchors who can suggest that they are at least capable of getting apart or mad, of letting gradually move by the passing parade of fools, liars, victims, crocodiles, brash fish and sharp operators they must present each evening. But of course, that would imply newscasters who are allowed to think their words out from time to time. Canadians are probably ready for something different from the present fixtures they see every night as the television newcomers of the nation — steady for sure and bad-tasted of bread pudding.

WATCH: *Source Magazine* (CBC, Monday, 10 p.m.). Let's face it, it is not the same to watch if you want to relax, but the host, Dr. David Stirling, who looks like a hippie with intelligence, serves up some fascinating items. **Take Note** (CBC, Saturday, 6:30 p.m.). Noel Harrison, host of this musical half-hour, is an easy performer to watch. He may well have a bright future on Canadian television if his producers can think of a more exciting format for his talents.



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CLARENCE, THERE'S SOMETHING WE'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU . . .

By Stan Fischler

On a soggy day in any given year between 1946 and 1975, the National Hockey League has been treated by the media as if it were the veritable Commonwealth of Clarence Campbell. He has been president of the NHL for 28 years, longer than Napoleon ruled France, longer than Hitler dictated to Germany and longer than Machiavelli Kite presided over the Canadian government. This year, his bosses in the NHL team owners, have finally decided on a last-minute change of plan, that Campbell has to go to the cleaners the bonyards.

Editorial page writers from the *Toronto Star* to the *New York Times* and even the *Atlanta Journal* have recently condemned NHL quality and deplored the violence in the game. Franchisees such as Detroit and Pittsburgh have weakened the league's image. Campbell's pompous "I'll never get off the ground" attitude mowed the West Hockey Association baldness in his face. It encouraged the new league's growth and ultimately led to the defection of such former NHL "institutions" as Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull. The NHL "speculator," as Campbell likes to call his product, has deteriorated in sales value to the point where, for the first time in years, the league is in serious danger of losing its lucrative U.S. network television contract.

It is possible that the NHL would not have run up all these debts if Campbell's employers, the owners, had put Clarence out to pasture in 1970 when he reached the age of 65. But probably a good part of the responsibility for the NHL's troubles lies with the owners themselves. In the last few years of Campbell's reign, it has become more than apparent that the owners were pulling him in a dozen different directions. In any showdown, the governors invariably overruled Campbell. A stronger man might have fought back harder but Campbell has acted more like a puppet longed in on strings than the definitive presider of a huge operation.

"Campbell never had the guts to take a big stand on an important issue," says Toronto Globe and Mail columnist Scott Young. "He had the responsibility to boldly tell his job on the line over and over. If the owners wouldn't listen, he should have walked out the door and quit."

Instead of quitting, Campbell has remained in office, sitting, as sports critic Jack Olsen once put it, "like the man dunked by insects at the carnival." Clarence has absorbed all the names and symbols he believes could throw at him.

The supreme example of Campbell's "bendability" was his stand over the issue of NHL expansion. In the early 1960s, Clarence openly indicated to nobody less than the *Express-News* (Campbell had succeeded in 1965) "It's impossible to . . . expand the NHL's balance of power and rapidly shriveling toward a group of expansionists headed by New York Rangers' president, Tex Schramm. And when the league voted to expand in 1965, Clarence said, with an air of exasperation, that he thought expansion was a wonderful idea.

One of his bosses summed up this amorphous performance rather bluntly: "Clarence Campbell," the NHL governor

said, "is a nothing but a parliamentary clerk."

In the spring of 1971, Campbell faced Stafford Smythe's Maple Leaf and Bill Jennings' Rangers \$5,000 apiece for a right in the Stanley Cup play-offs. Jennings and Smythe balked at the fees. Busted down the boardroom wall, Campbell ran out the door. \$5,000 for each of them.

Like the good-old days, Campbell traditionally has been tough on the league's 38-year-old veterans and loose-wobbly when confronted with NHL newcomers. That's left no concession about suspending players Dan Goring and Mike Taylor down the NHL for life in 1968 after they had admitted having no hockey games. But he would not bar convicted criminals such as Harold Belland and Tom Sestrom (both) from owing teams. By contrast, baseball commissioneer Bowie Kuhn (sound) New York Yankees' boss George Steinbrenner out of baseball for two years last winter after Steinbrenner had been convicted and fined for making illegal election contributions to Richard Nixon in 1972.

"Legally," says Campbell-supporter Tom Colman, Southern News Service columnist, "it's one of his virtues."

Perhaps. But according to several NHL players, it's not. Especially when it comes to penitent violent players.

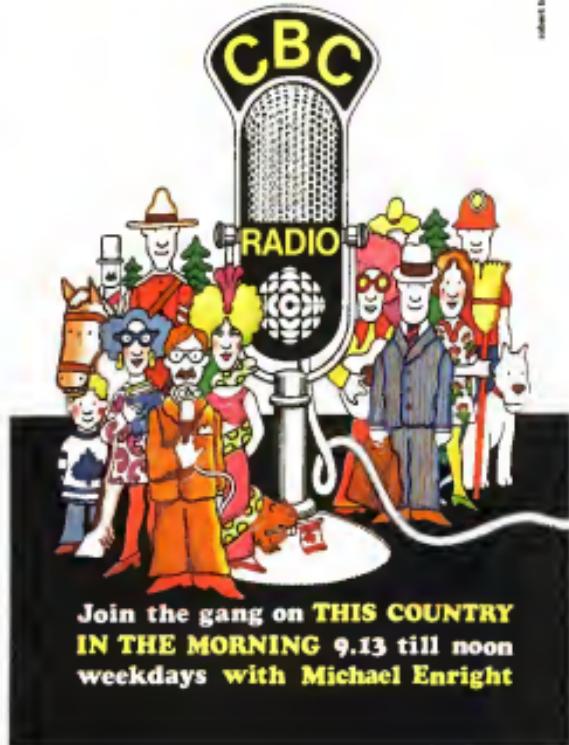
Campbell will risk to penitent third-rate players but will ignore his protective clauses around the likes of Bobby Orr. During a Leafs-Bruins play-off game in April, 1971, Orr went into a tantrum over a call by referee John Ashe. Instead of severely punishing Orr, Campbell judged, "There's no justification for me to act in this case," he said. "If I did, I would have to referee every game after it was played."

Chicago Black Hawks' forward Jim Pappin drew a five-game suspension for slushing referee Bill Myers early this season and charged that Campbell has one code of rules for average players and another for the stars. "We lost all respect for the man," snapped Pappin. Philadelphia Flyers' captain Bobby Clarke followed Pappin's lead with a demand of his own that Campbell resign.

The outstanding sentiment among the owners this spring was that Campbell is just too old to be president. An unknown attorney for the St. Louis Blues, James D. Collier, emerged for a time as a favorite in the race to fill his foot-steps, with support from owner-heavyweights Bruce (Derril) Norris and Bill (Chicago) Wirtz. The thought of an American heading the NHL, grimed on some Canadian interests and Toronto Maple Leafs' governor Robert M. Simpson has now moved into the picture as an unlikely candidate.

Campbell has obviously been fighting a lot of battles and has not forgotten that and the fact that the odds have been greatest for his immediate exit, he appears an impossible object in job and performance as the Phoenix Rams' II "Adler out," says Clarence, "the sun doesn't have to say at sunset."

Stan Fischler is a sports writer and author of the book *Skating*, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.



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		540 Big Is.	860 Victoria	

HOW MARSHALL DELANEY HELPED ROBERT FULFORD FIND HIMSELF

By Barbara Moon

As "Robert Fulford," Robert Fulford has been a Canadian journalist and may-be-father since the early Fifties, initially as editor of *Saturday Night* magazine. An "Marshall Delaney" Fulford has also been, for the past seven years, *Saturday Night's* movie reviewer. Now he has returned short of 20 of the reviews, grouped them under three headings (The Canadian Scene, The Hollywood Version and The World Out There), added an introduction, and offered the package in a handsome book, *Marshall Delaney At The Movies* (Peter Martin Associates Ltd., \$10).

If you're a film reader I imagine that reading nations of films past has a particular reflexive exhilaration, something like going back through old family photographs, all the good times and the bad times, the occasions to new places, the easy things that got made. The non-addict — like the neighbor who happens to drop in when you're going on — won't get quite as much out of it. But even so, *Marshall Delaney At The Movies* is really a very agreeable evening's browse-and-meal.

Fulford writes gracefully, with a good deal of descriptive poise. His humor is pleasantly pinkish. In one place, for example, he suggests that, given the ambitions and preoccupations of the Canadian film community, the particular Canadian movie would be one that whitewashed our whole movie-making and domestic life, appearing without the actual author of reality — the "art" object, which is to say the film itself — in sight.

He ranges widely, like a bird, mostly free and with a certain grace. It is his usual practice to subvert what might be called the reader's proper toward something with more cultural scope — or at least a cultural insight or two. In the introduction he speaks of "reading the entrails of the period" through movies, and of "trying to understand the psychic style of contemporary society." Thus he looks in review at *Elan Canadien* (*Y*elove) to the muted *Bar* as the basis for reflections on our persistent sexual repressions. Several days ago in New York he occasioned a discussion of that city's deviated symbolic meaning. A bad Canadian like using *Explosives* presents a lesson about the special dilemma of using a bad Canadian film.

It's good enough fun, especially if you happened to catch the movie, but as for an overview, trusting in Jack and the cumulative effect of 20 reviews, simply isn't good enough. Even reviews as we above, these are still no more than a peripheral reviewer's random snapshots.

One thing that does accumulate in *Marshall Delaney At The Movies*, though, is the impression that Fulford has been having some sort of trouble with the first-person singular. There are one or two terrible little editorial blots. "With me, acceptance of a new approach always begins in ridicule," he example. Or: "The film arrived at a moment of extreme confusion in my life and I wasn't willing to admit (either to myself or to my readers) that I could be touched in this way."

There is no puzzle presentation here that "writers, if it is at all possible, can frequently turn into autotherapy." There is no one called *Appreciating Lucy* in which he fails



the easier approach to film criticism as the next best thing to psychotherapy. "The principal value lies in self-discovery," he writes approvingly.

Is that why Fulford set up as a movie critic? To get in touch with himself at *Saturday Night's* expense?

Well, yes and no. All this has to be taken in conjunction with Fulford's introduction to the book wherein he makes it clear that what he believes he has been writing with is not so much a block in his writing as a writing hang-up. "In my research," he says, "I could fall in love with an interview subject, nearly get converted by Billy Crayton, change all my ideas about literature during the reviewing of one book, become seriously aroused by a bullet — and never reveal a word of it at first."

Thus what happened?

According to Fulford, what happened was that circumstances caused him to assume the name "Marshall Delaney" when he began his extraordinary movie reviewing. That was in the mid-Sixties. Miraculously, the pseudonym began to liberate him. "By 1972 I reached the point where I could write a piece of autobiography that told something close to the truth about who I was and where I came from," he boasts.

Fulford is grateful for that.

I've watched a lot of good journalists go personal these last few years. And no wonder. It sounds swingy. It's always been the mark of a realist, to a writer of style and problem. It's a more informative for objective research. And — ever since the advent of the New Journalism, with its apparent license to let it all hang out — it seems to let you get away with it, will even make it.

Fulford has certainly caught the general笙笙 for self-revelation. But he must be about the only writer left in North America to choke up in gush, so expressive and reflexive he's been hiding behind an assumed name while he brought himself to write the word "I."

He blames his inhibitions, by the way, on habits instilled in him by his training in the Old Journalism, back in the early Fifties. Maybe so, but the same habits may also be his stay. I say this because I have just finished reading a book by another Canadian journalist. The book, called *Passive Learner* (James Lorimer & Company, \$7.95), is by Michael McCracken, and those of you who follow Canadian journalism will probably recall that personal revelation is not one of Mac McCracken's major writing problem. She is, in her early thirties, which is to say about a decade junior to Fulford, and that, one presumes, is how she escaped the old-fashioned constraints of what Fulford complains. Her book is anti-biographical and anti-critical, an account of her childhood and adolescence in the Winnipeg suburb of Riverview. Thus, honestly, are some of the chapter headings: Parents, Authority, Church School, Friends, Junior High Graduation. And so on. Erudite, and impeccably plastic.

Fulford was programmed against making that sort of take a long time ago.

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CONFESIONS OF A CANADIAN CHAUVINIST PIG

By Heather Robertson

At a year ago I met a member of the Committee for an Independent Canada outside a radio studio after a heating brew about Canadian nationalism. "Whoo," he said, looking guilty. "I almost admitted I was anti-American."

Why not? It would at least be an admission of the truth. I am sick of all the sneering hand-wringing and snort about our good friend and neighbour to the south, the longest undefended border in the world. blab blab that good friend, violent and explosive shroud and corrupt at home, trains us with contempt and rules us blind.

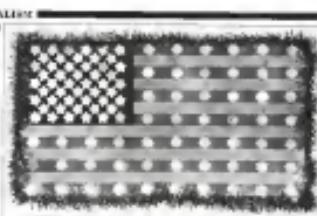
I am anti-American. There, it's said. The secret is out. I do not identify with American traditions or sympathies with American values. I feel no compunction. They are foreign. I like them less the more they push me around.

Now I shall be accused of being reactionary, chauvinist, bigoted, provincial — in a word, an American. As a colonist, Canada is encouraged to define itself according to American ideals — liberalism, progress, free enterprise, individualism — even when those values contradict Canadian experience, and to hold everything else in contempt. Since we are alone we hold ourselves in contempt. We play the recipient, spending our lives boasting about our American friends, always late, always out of step, always footloose, assuming if we're good with a pat on the hand and a place near the imperial foot. If we stopped knowing that foot long enough to raise our appetites we might see that the Empire was in decline.

Canada has been the most coveted part of the world where it's destined to be a part. The leadingponent of this stance is the Prime Minister who recently stated on American television that nationalism is "dangerous." (It probably is dangerous to have state Trudeau become a millionaire when his father sold the family's gas station to Imperial Oil.) Trudeau delights in the metaphor of the American elephant and the Canadian mouse, an analogy which emphasizes differences in scale between the two countries and reflects our national self-image as a cowering creature who is very easily stepped on. Anyons who thinks like a mouse will be one.

We are, my analysis tells us, a nation of violinists, losers, losers, failures. We have no heroes, we can't find our identity, we tell our birthright for a few tokens and quaff a few pints over the potlatch summit. We are suicidal. Perhaps it is healthier for us to direct our anger against the real enemy rather than against ourselves.

Anti-Americanism is a Canadian tradition. It dates back to Sir John A. Macdonald and the union and before that to the War of 1812 (when we burned the White House) and before that to the American Revolution of 1775 when the United Empire Loyalists brought their loathing of Yankee upstartism with them across the border. It's an honorable tradition which built this country and kept it together. It has been subverted only since World War II when the United States superseded Britain as the world's greatest imperial power. The smirky money in Canada — the family compact of bankers, real estate dealers and politicians — switched its allegiance



from the Queen to the President. DeGaulle's attempt to liberate Canada by appealing to ancient colonial symbols was ludicrous to a generation of postwar Canadians uncharmed by American power and paid with American money. But the wheel is turning again.

I became a Canadian the day John Kennedy was shot. I was a student in New York, surrounded by weeping classmates, still in a locked and silent city. I felt callous and apologetic because I couldn't cry. It was not big president, not my country, those balls did not act for me. I wasn't sure who I was but I knew I wasn't American. Since 1963 that guy has wielded. I couldn't identify with Martin Luther King or the Vietnam war. Waterson was a TV show and Gerry Ford is a miserable papier. Now I feel just alienated but pained — thank God I am not an American.

A friend told me about a dream he had. American soldiers broke down his front door and searched through his windows. He moved down 14 of them with a machine gun before barricading himself in his living room. I suspect most of us have our revolutionaries/invader fantasies — I confess to a desire to toss a hand grenade into every American camper I pass on the highway. Psychotherapy is encouraged by the awakening of the Yankee colonists' defeat in Asia, the humiliations of Nixon and economic recession. America is vulnerable and is witheringly fat along its northern border. Maybe the same country is now in Canada.

A shift of perspective is taking place in this country. We are no longer the people with our eyes closed or in a British or American mirror; we are no longer nostalgic, apathetic, but exploring, dynamic, homeowners. The real desire is not whether Canada wants independence, but what kind of country we want society to be. The search for the new world which accepts us all in due measure is just starting. By knowing who we are, we can begin to determine who we are, where we are and what we're doing here.

Independence isn't rough when it's hard to pass — the university professor, the executives in the same office, the newspaper columnist, the political activist, friends, co-workers, more people, Americans. We don't want to fight with them, just give feelings, make them feel apathetic. What do we do? Perhaps we can distinguish between private and public Americans, those who are absorbed immediately into the fabric of Canadian life and those who have the power to influence our economy, our culture and our future. They must agree to accept Canadian attitudes and Canadian traditions and not lay on us, with all the good intention in the world, their own ethics and assumptions. If they can't then they have to go. The confrontations will be small, prickly and briefly fought, but until they are forced we might deal with the large issues of economic protection and political reform. They force each of us to stake out our ground and say, "Here, this is mine." It can be a positive and creative act. As Robert Frost put it with Yankee wisdom, "Good fences make good neighbors."

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